

THE
GREEN GODDESS
by
WILLIAM ARCHER

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WILLIAM ARCHER

is too well known in this country to require an introduction. However it may be recorded that he was born at Perth, Scotland, the 23rd day of September 1856 and was educated at Edinburgh University. He practiced journalism in Edinburgh, traveled in Australia, and came to London in 1878, where for three years he was dramatic critic of the London *Figaro*. He then spent two years in Italy and in 1884 resumed his critical work on various London papers. He is perhaps best known in this country as the editor and, in part, translator of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen, and as the author of *Play-Making*.

THE GREEN GODDESS

THE GREEN GODDESS ✓

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

By WILLIAM ARCHER ✓

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NEW YORK



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I dedicate this play to
WINTHROP AMES
To whom it owes so much

18589

THE GREEN GODDESS

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

THE RAJA OF RUKH (40)

WATKINS, his valet (35)

MAJOR ANTONY CRESPIE, (40)

LUCILLA, his wife (28)

DOCTOR BASIL TRAHERNE (35)

LIEUTENANT DENIS CARDEW (23)

Priests, villagers, regular and irregular troops, servants
and an unseen multitude.

SCENE: A remote region at the back of the Himalayas.

“The Green Goddess” was first acted in Philadelphia, on the occasion of the opening of the reconstructed Walnut Street Theatre, 27 December, 1920. It was produced in New York, at the Booth Theatre, 18 January, 1921, with the following cast (practically the same as in Philadelphia):

THE RAJA	<i>George Arliss</i>
WATKINS	<i>Ivan F. Simpson</i>
MAJOR CRESPIE	<i>Herbert Waring</i>
LUCILLA	<i>Olive Wyndham</i>
DR. TRAHERNE	<i>Cyril Keighley</i>
LIEUT. CARDEW	<i>Herbert Ranson</i>
THE HIGH PRIEST	<i>David A. Leonard</i>
THE TEMPLE PRIEST	<i>Ronald Colman</i>
AN AYAH	<i>Helen Nowell</i>

THE GREEN GODDESS

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ACT FIRST

A region of gaunt and almost treeless mountains, uniformly grey in tone, except in so far as the atmosphere lends them colour. Clinging to the mountain wall in the background, at an apparent distance of about a mile, is a vast barbaric palace, with long stretches of unbroken masonry, crowned by arcades and turrets.

*The foreground consists of a small level space between two masses of rock. In the rock on the right * a cave-temple has been roughly hewn. Two thick and rudely-carved pillars divide it into three sections. Between the pillars, in the middle section, can be seen the seated figure of a six-armed Goddess, of forbidding aspect, coloured dark green. In front of the figure is a low altar with five or six newly-severed heads of goats lying at its base. The temple is decorated with untidy and mouldering wreaths and other floral offerings.*

The open space between the two rock masses forms a rudely-paved forecourt to the temple. It is bordered by smaller idols and three or four round-headed stone posts, painted green.

Mountain paths wind off behind the rocks, and through the low shrubs, both to right and left.

Projecting over the rock-mass on the left can be seen

* From the point of view of the audience.

the wing of an aeroplane, the nacelle and under-carriage hidden. It has evidently just made a rather disastrous forced landing.

The pilot and two passengers are in the act of extricating themselves from the wreck, and clambering down the cliff. The pilot is DR. BASIL TRAHERNE; the passengers are MAJOR ANTONY CRESPIAN and his wife LUCILLA. TRAHERNE (35) is a well set-up man, vigorous and in good training. CRESPIAN (40), somewhat heavy and dissipated-looking, is in khaki. LUCILLA (28) is a tall, slight, athletic woman, wearing a tailor-made tweed suit. All three on their first appearance wear aviation helmets and leather coats. The coats they take off as occasion offers.

Their proceedings are watched with wonder and fear by a group of dark and rudely-clad natives, rather Mongolian in feature. They chatter eagerly among themselves. A man of higher stature and more Aryan type, the PRIEST of the temple, seems to have some authority over them.

As soon as all three newcomers have descended, the PRIEST gives some directions to a young man among the bystanders, who makes off at great speed. He is a messenger to the castle.

LUCILLA

[To CRESPIAN, who is at a difficult point, and about to jump.] Take care, Antony! Let Dr. Traherne give you a hand.

TRAHERNE

[Already on the ground.] Yes.

CRESPIAN

Hang it all, I'm not such a crock as all that. [Jumps heavily, but safely.]

TRAHERNE

Are you all right, Mrs. Crespin? Not very much shaken?

LUCILLA

Not a bit.

TRAHERNE

It was a nasty bump.

LUCILLA

You managed splendidly.

CRESPIN

Come on, Lu — sit on that ledge, and I can swing you down.

TRAHERNE

Let me —

[CRESPIN and TRAHERNE support her as she jumps lightly to the ground.]

LUCILLA

Thank you.

CRESPIN

That last ten minutes was pretty trying. I don't mind owning that my nerves are all of a twitter. [*Producing a pocket flask, and pouring some of its contents into the cup.*] Have a mouthful, Traherne?

TRAHERNE

No, thank you.

CRESPIN

[*To LUCILLA.*] You won't, I know. I will. [*Drinks off the brandy, then pours and drinks again.*] That's better! — And now — where are we, Doctor?

TRAHERNE

I have no notion.

CRESPIN

Let's ask the populace.

[The natives have been standing at some distance, awe-struck, but chattering eagerly among themselves. The PRIEST, intently watching, is silent. CRESPIN advances towards him, the natives meanwhile shrinking back in fear. The PRIEST salaams slightly and almost contemptuously. CRESPIN addresses him in Hindustani, which he evidently does not understand. He in turn pours forth a speech of some length, pointing to the temple and the palace. CRESPIN can make nothing of it. While this is proceeding:

TRAHERNE

[In a low voice, to LUCILLA.] You were splendid, all through!

LUCILLA

I had perfect faith in y o u.

TRAHERNE

If I'd had another pint of petrol, I might have headed for that sort of esplanade behind the castle —

LUCILLA

Yes, I saw it.

TRAHERNE

— and made an easy landing. But I simply h a d to try for this place, and trust to luck.

LUCILLA

It wasn't luck, but your skill, that saved us.

TRAHERNE

You are very good to me.

CRESPIN

[*Turning.*] It's no use—he doesn't understand a word of Hindustani. You know Russian, don't you, Doctor?

TRAHERNE

A little.

CRESPIN

We must be well on towards Central Asia. Suppose you try him in Russian. Ask him where the hell we are, and who owns the shooting-box up yonder. [TRAHERNE *says something to the* PRIEST *in Russian.*]

THE PRIEST

[*His face lighting up, points to the earth, and then makes an enveloping gesture to signify the whole country, saying:*] Rukh, Rukh, Rukh, Rukh.

CRESPIN

What the deuce is he Rooking about?

TRAHERNE

Goodness knows.

LUCILLA

I believe I know. Wait a minute. [*Feeling in her pockets.*] I thought I had the paper with me. I read in the *Leader*, just before we started, that the three men who murdered the Political Officer at Abdulabad came from a wild region at the back of the Himalayas, called Rukh.

TRAHERNE

Now that you mention it, I have heard of the place. [*He turns to the* PRIEST *and says a few more words in Russian, pointing to the Palace. The* PRIEST *replies "Raja Sahib" several times over.*]

CRESPIN

Oh, it's Windsor Castle, is it? Well, we'd better make tracks for it. Come, LUCILLA. [*The PRIEST, much excited, stops his way, pouring forth a stream of unintelligible language. TRAHERNE says something to him in Russian, whereupon he pauses and then says two or three words, slowly and with difficulty — one of them "Raja."*]

TRAHERNE

His Russian is even more limited than mine; but I gather that the Raja has been sent for and will come here.

CRESPIN

[*Lighting a cigarette.*] All right — then we'd better await developments. [*Sits himself on a green-painted stone. As the PRIEST sees this, he makes a rush, hustles CRESPIN off, with wild exclamations, and then, disregarding him, makes propitiatory gestures, and mutters formulas of deprecation, to the stone.*]

CRESPIN

[*Very angry, lays his hand on his revolver-case.*] Confound you, take care what you're doing! You'd better treat us civilly, or —

TRAHERNE

[*Laying a hand on his arm.*] Gently, gently, Major. This is evidently some sort of sacred enclosure, and you were sitting on one of the gods.

CRESPIN

Well, damn him, he might have told me —

TRAHERNE

If he had you wouldn't have understood. The fellow

seems to be the priest — you see, he's begging the god's pardon.

CRESPIN

If I knew his confounded lingo I'd jolly well make him beg mine.

TRAHERNE

We'd better be careful not to tread on their corns. We have Mrs. Crespin to think of.

CRESPIN

Damn it, sir, do you think I don't know how to take care of my own wife?

TRAHERNE

I think you're a little hasty, Major — that's all. These are evidently queer people, and we're dependent on them to get us out of our hobble.

LUCILLA

[*Down, left.*] Do you think I could sit on this stone without giving offence to the deities?

TRAHERNE

Oh, yes, that seems safe enough. [*After LUCILLA is seated.*] I don't know how to apologize for having got you into this mess.

LUCILLA

Don't talk nonsense, DR. TRAHERNE. Who can foresee a Himalayan fog?

TRAHERNE

The only thing to do was to get above it, and then, of course, my bearings were gone.

LUCILLA

Now that we're safe, I should think it all great fun if it weren't for the children.

CRESPIN

Oh, they don't expect us for a week, and surely it won't take us more than that to get back to civilization.

TRAHERNE

Or, at all events, to a telegraph line.

LUCILLA

I suppose there's no chance of flying back?

TRAHERNE

Not the slightest, I'm afraid. I fancy the old 'bus is done for.

LUCILLA

Oh, Dr. Traherne, what a shame! And you'd only had it a few weeks!

TRAHERNE

What does it matter so long as y o u are safe?

LUCILLA

What does it matter so long as we're a l l safe?

CRESPIN

That's not what Traherne said. Why pretend to be blind to his — chivalry?

TRAHERNE

[*Trying to laugh it off.*] Of course I'm glad you're all right, Major, and I'm not sorry to be in a whole skin myself. But ladies first, you know.

CRESPIN

The perfect knight errant, in fact!

TRAHERNE

Decidedly "errant." I couldn't well have gone more completely astray.

LUCILLA

Won't you look at the machine and see if it's quite hopeless?

TRAHERNE

Yes, at once. [*He goes towards the wreck of the aeroplane and passes out of sight. The populace clustered in and around the temple on the right are intent upon the marvel of the aeroplane, but the PRIEST fixes his gaze upon CRESPIN and LUCILLA.*]

CRESPIN

[*Sits beside LUCILLA on the stone.*] Well, Lucilla!

LUCILLA

Well?

CRESPIN

That was a narrow squeak.

LUCILLA

Yes, I suppose so.

CRESPIN

All's well that ends well, eh?

LUCILLA

Of course.

CRESPIN

You don't seem very grateful to Providence.

LUCILLA

For sending the fog?

CRESPIN

For getting us down safely — all three.

LUCILLA

It was Dr. Traherne's nerve that did that. If he hadn't kept his head —

CRESPIN

We should have crashed. One or other of us would probably have broken his neck; and if Providence had played up, it might have been the right one.

LUCILLA

What do you mean?

CRESPIN

It might have been me. Then you'd have thanked God, right enough!

LUCILLA

Why will you talk like this, Antony? If I hadn't sent Dr. Traherne away just now, you'd have been saying these things in his hearing.

CRESPIN

Well, why not? He's quite one of the family! Don't tell me he doesn't know all about the "state of our relations," as they say in the divorce court.

LUCILLA

If he does, it's not from me. No doubt he knows what the whole station knows.

CRESPIN

And what does the whole station know? Why, that your deadly coldness drives me to drink. I've lived for three years in an infernal clammy fog like that we passed through. Who's to blame if I take a whiskey-peg now and then, to keep the chill out?

LUCILLA

Oh, Antony, why go over it all again? You know very well it was drink — and other things — that came between us; not my coldness, as you call it, that drove you to drink.

CRESPIN

Oh, you good women! You patter after the parson "Forgive us as we forgive those that trespass against us." But you don't know what forgiveness means.

LUCILLA

What's the use of it, Antony? Forgive? I have "forgiven" you. I don't try to take the children from you, though it might be better for them if I did. But to forgive is one thing, to forget another. When a woman has seen a man behave as you have behaved, do you think it is possible for her to forget it, and to love him afresh? There are women in novels, and perhaps in the slums, who have such short memories; but I am not one of them.

CRESPIN

No, by God, you're not! So a man's whole life is to be ruined —

LUCILLA

Do you think yours is the only life to be ruined?

CRESPIN

Ah, there we have it! I've not only offended your sensibilities; I am in your way. You love this other man, this model of all the virtues!

LUCILLA

You have no right to say that.

CRESPIN

[*Disregarding her protest.*] He's a paragon. He's a wonder. He's a mighty microbe-killer before the Lord; he's going to work Heaven knows what miracles, only he hasn't brought them off yet. And you're cursing the mistake you made in marrying a poor devil of a soldier-man instead of a first-class scientific genius. Come! Make a clean breast of it! You may as well!

LUCILLA

I have nothing to answer. While I continue to live with you, I owe you an account of my actions — but not of my thoughts.

CRESPIN

Your actions? Oh, I know very well you're too cold — too damned respectable — to kick over the traces. And then you have the children to think of.

LUCILLA

Yes; I have the children.

CRESPIN

Besides, there's no hurry. If you only have patience for a year or two, I'll do the right thing for once, and drink myself to death.

LUCILLA

You have only to keep yourself a little in hand to live to what they call "a good old age."

CRESPIN

'Pon my soul, I've a mind to try to, though goodness knows my life is not worth living. I was a fool to come on this crazy expedition —

LUCILLA

Why, it was you yourself that jumped at Dr. Traherne's proposal.

CRESPIN

I thought we'd get to the kiddies a week earlier. They'd be glad to see me, poor little things. They don't despise their daddy.

LUCILLA

It shan't be my fault, Antony, if they ever do. But you don't make it easy to keep up appearances.

CRESPIN

Oh, Lu, Lu, if you would treat me like a human being — if you would help me and make life tolerable for me, instead of a thing that won't bear looking at except through the haze of drink — we might retrieve the early days. God knows I never cared two pins for any woman but you —

LUCILLA

No, the others, I suppose, only helped you, like whiskey, to see the world through a haze. I saw the world through a haze when I married you; but you have dispelled it once for all. Don't force me to tell you how impossible it is for me to be your wife again. I am the mother of your children — that gives you a terrible hold over me. Be content with that.

TRAHERNE

[*Still unseen, calls:*] Oh, Mrs. Crespin! [*He appears, clambering down from the aeroplane.*] I've

found in the wreck the newspaper you spoke of — you were right about Rukh.

CRESPIN

[*As TRAHERNE comes forward.*] What does it say?

TRAHERNE

[*Reads.*] “Abdulabad, Tuesday. Sentence of death has been passed on the three men found guilty of the murder of Mr. Haredale. It appears that these miscreants are natives of Rukh, a small and little-known independent state among the northern spurs of the Himalayas.”

LUCILLA

Yes, that's what I read.

TRAHERNE

This news isn't the best possible passport for us in our present situation.

LUCILLA

But if we're hundreds of miles from anywhere, it can't be known here yet.

CRESPIN

[*Lighting a cigarette.*] In any case, they wouldn't dare to molest us.

TRAHERNE

All the same it might be safest to burn this paragraph in case there's anybody here that can read it. [*He tears a strip out of the paper, lights it at CRESPIN's match, watches it burn till he has to drop the flaming remnant of it, upon which he stamps. LUCILLA takes the rest of the small local paper and lays it beside her leather coat on the stone, left. The PRIEST intently watches all these proceedings.*]

[*Meanwhile strange ululations, mingled with the*

throb of tom-toms and the clash of cymbals, have made themselves faintly heard from the direction of the mountain path, right.]

CRESPIN

Hallo! What's this?

TRAHERNE

Sounds like the march of the Great Panjandrum.

[The sounds rapidly approach. The natives all run to the point where the path debouches on the open space. They prostrate themselves, some on each side of the way. A wild procession comes down the mountain path. It is headed by a gigantic negro flourishing two naked sabres, and gyrating in a barbaric war-dance. Then come half a dozen musicians with tom-toms and cymbals. Then a litter carried by four bearers. Through its gauze curtains the figure of the RAJA can be indistinctly seen. Immediately behind the litter comes WATKINS, an English valet, demure and correct, looking as if he had just strolled in from St. James Street. The procession closes with a number of the RAJA's body-guard, in the most fantastic, parti-coloured attire, and armed with antique match-locks, some of them with barrels six or seven feet long. The RAJA's litter is set down in front of the temple. WATKINS opens the curtains and gives his arm to the RAJA as he alights. The RAJA makes a step towards the European party in silence. He is a tall, well-built man of forty, dressed in the extreme of Eastern gorgeousness. CRESPIN advances and salutes.]

CRESPIN

Does Your Highness speak English?

RAJA

Oh, yes, a little. [*As a matter of fact he speaks it irreproachably.*]

CRESPIN

[*Pulling himself together and speaking like a soldier and a man of breeding.*] Then I have to apologize for our landing uninvited in your territory.

RAJA

Uninvited, but, I assure you, not unwelcome.

CRESPIN

We are given to understand that this is the State of Rukh.

RAJA

The kingdom of Rukh, Major — if I rightly read the symbols on your cuff.

CRESPIN

[*Again salutes.*] Major Crespin. Permit me to introduce my wife —

RAJA

[*With a profound salaam.*] I am delighted, Madam, to welcome you to my secluded dominions. You are the first lady of your nation I have had the honour of receiving.

LUCILLA

Your Highness is very kind.

CRESPIN

And this is Dr. Basil Traherne, whose aeroplane — or what is left of it — you see.

RAJA

Doctor Traherne? T h e Doctor Traherne, whose name

I have so often seen in the newspaper? "The Pasteur of Malaria."

TRAHERNE

The newspapers make too much of my work. It is very incomplete.

RAJA

But you are an aviator as well?

TRAHERNE

Only as an amateur.

RAJA

I presume it is some misadventure — a most fortunate misadventure for me — that has carried you so far into the wilds of the Himalayas?

TRAHERNE

Yes — we got lost in the clouds. Major and Mrs. Crespin were coming up from the plains to see their children at a hill station —

RAJA

Pahari, no doubt?

TRAHERNE

Yes, Pahari — and I was rash enough to suggest that I might save them three days' travelling by taking them up in my aeroplane.

RAJA

Madam is a sportswoman, then?

LUCILLA

Oh, I have been up many times.

CRESPIN

[*With a tinge of sarcasm.*] Yes, many times.

LUCILLA

It was no fault of Dr. Traherne's that we went astray. The weather was impossible.

RAJA

Well, you have made a sensation here, I can assure you. My people have never seen an aeroplane. They are not sure — simple souls — whether you are gods or demons. But the fact of your having descended in the precincts of a temple of our local goddess — [*With a wave of his hand towards the idol.*] allow me to introduce you to her — is considered highly significant.

CRESPIN

I hope, sir, that we shall find no difficulty in obtaining transport back to civ — to India.

RAJA

To civilization, you were going to say? Why hesitate, my dear sir? We know very well that we are barbarians. We are quite reconciled to the fact. We have had some five thousand years to accustom ourselves to it. This sword [*Touching his scimitar.*] is a barbarous weapon compared with your revolver; but it was worn by my ancestors when yours were daubing themselves blue and picking up a precarious livelihood in the woods. [*Breaking off hastily to prevent any reply.*] But Madam is standing all this time! Watkins, what are you thinking of? Some cushions. [*WATKINS piles some cushions from the litter so as to form a seat for LUCILLA. Meanwhile the RAJA continues.*] Another litter for Madam, and mountain-chairs for the gentlemen, will be here in a few minutes. Then I hope you will accept the hospitality of my poor house.

LUCILLA

We are giving a great deal of trouble, Your Highness.

RAJA

A great deal of pleasure, Madam.

CRESPIN

But I hope, sir, there will be no difficulty about transport back to — India.

RAJA

Time enough to talk of that, Major, when you have rested and recuperated after your adventure. You will do me the honour of dining with me this evening? I trust you will not find us altogether uncivilized.

LUCILLA

[*Lightly.*] Your Highness will have to excuse the barbarism of our attire. We have nothing to wear but what we stand up in.

RAJA

Oh, I think we can put that all right. Watkins!

WATKINS

[*Advancing.*] Your 'Ighness!

RAJA

You are in the confidence of our Mistress of the Robes. How does our wardrobe stand?

WATKINS

A fresh consignment of Paris models come in only last week, Your 'Ighness.

RAJA

Good! Then I hope, Madam, that you may find among them some rag that you will deign to wear.

LUCILLA

Paris models, Your Highness! And you talk of being uncivilized!

RAJA

We do what we can, Madam. I sometimes have the pleasure of entertaining European ladies — though not, hitherto, Englishwomen — in my solitudes; and I like to mitigate the terrors of exile for them. Then as for civilization, you know, I have always at my elbow one of its most finished products. Watkins!

WATKINS

[*Stepping forward.*] Your 'Ighness!

RAJA

You will recognize in Watkins, gentlemen, another representative of the Ruling Race. [WATKINS, *with downcast eyes, touches his hat to* CRESPIN *and* TRAHERNE.] I assure you he rules me with an iron hand — not always in a velvet glove. Eh, Watkins?

WATKINS

Your 'Ighness will 'ave your joke.

RAJA

He is my Prime Minister and all my Cabinet — but more particularly my Lord Chamberlain. No one can touch him at mixing a cocktail or making a salad. My entire household trembles at his nod; even my *chef* quails before him. Nothing comes amiss to him; for he is, like myself, a man without prejudices. You may be surprised at my praising him to his face in this fashion; you may foresee some danger of — what shall I say? — swelled head. But I know my Watkins; there is not the slightest risk of his outgrowing that modest bowler. He

knows his value to me, and he knows that he would never be equally appreciated elsewhere. I have guarantees for his fidelity — eh, Watkins?

WATKINS

I know when I'm well off, if that's what Your 'Ighness means.

RAJA

I mean a little more than that — but no matter. I have sometimes thought of instituting a peerage, in order that I might raise Watkins to it. But I mustn't let my admiration for British institutions carry me too far.— Those scoundrels of bearers are taking a long time, Watkins.

WATKINS

The lady's litter 'ad to 'ave fresh curtains, Your 'Ighness. They won't be a minute, now.

RAJA

You were speaking of transport, Major — is your machine past repair, Dr. Traherne?

TRAHERNE

Utterly, I'm afraid.

RAJA

Let us look at it. [*Turns and finds that his body-guard are all clustered on the path, looking at it. He gives a sharp word of command. They scamper into a sort of loose order, up, right.*] Ah, yes — propeller smashed — planes crumpled up —

TRAHERNE

Under-carriage wrecked —

RAJA

I'm afraid we can't offer to repair the damage for you.

TRAHERNE

I'm afraid not, sir.

RAJA

A wonderful machine! Yes, Europe has something to boast of. I wonder what the Priest here thinks of it. [*He says a few words to the PRIEST, who salaams, and replies volubly at some length.*] He says it is the great roc — the giant bird, you know, of our Eastern stories. And he declares that he plainly saw his Goddess hovering over you as you descended, and guiding you towards her temple.

TRAHERNE

I wish she could have guided us towards the level ground I saw behind your castle. I could have made a safe landing there.

RAJA

No doubt — on my parade ground — almost the only level spot in my dominions.

LUCILLA

These, I suppose, are your bodyguard?

RAJA

My household troops, Madam.

LUCILLA

How picturesque they are!

RAJA

Oh, a relic of barbarism, I know. I can quite understand the contempt with which my friend the Major is at this moment regarding them.

CRESPIN

Irregular troops, Raja. Often first-class fighting men.

RAJA

And you think that, if irregularity is the virtue of irregular troops, these — what is the expression, Watkins?

WATKINS

Tyke the cyke, Your 'Ighness?

RAJA

That's it — take the cake — that is what you are thinking?

CRESPIN

Well, they would be hard to beat, sir.

RAJA

I repeat — a relic of barbarism. You see, I have strong conservative instincts — I cling to the fashions of my fathers — and my people would be restive if I didn't. I maintain these fellows, as his Majesty the King-Emperor keeps up the Beefeaters in the Tower. But I also like to move with the times, as perhaps you will allow me to show you. [*He blows two short blasts on a silver whistle hanging round his neck. Instantly from behind every rock and shrub — from every bit of cover — there emerges a soldier, in spick-and-span European uniform (Russian in style), armed with the latest brand of magazine rifles. They stand like statues at attention.*]

CRESPIN

Good Lord!

TRAHERNE

Hallo!

RAJA

[*To LUCILLA, who makes no move.*] I trust I did not startle you, Madam?

LUCILLA

Oh, not at all. I'm not nervous.

RAJA

You of course realize that this effect is not original. I have plagiarized it from the excellent Walter Scott:

“These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!”

But I think you'll admit, Major, that my men know how to take cover.

CRESPIN

By the Lord, sir, they must move like cats — for you can't have planted them there before we arrived.

RAJA

No, you had given me no notice of your coming.

LUCILLA

Perhaps the Goddess did.

RAJA

Not she, Madam. She keeps her own counsel. These men followed me down from the palace and have taken up position while we have been speaking. [*The RAJA gives a word of command, and the men rapidly assemble and form in two ranks, an officer on their flank.*]

CRESPIN

A very smart body of men, Raja. Allow me to congratulate you on their training.

RAJA

I am greatly flattered, Major. I superintend it myself.—Ah, here comes the litter. [*Down the path comes a litter borne, like the RAJA'S, by four men. It is followed by two mountain-chairs carried by two men apiece.*] Permit me, Madam, to hand you to your palanquin. [*He offers LUCILLA his hand. As she rises she picks up her leather coat, and the newspaper falls to the ground. The RAJA notices it.*] Forgive me, Madam. [*Picks up the paper and looks at it.*] A newspaper, only two days old! This is such a rarity you must allow me to glance at it. [*He opens the paper and sees that a strip has been torn out from the back page.*] Ah! the telegraphic news gone! What a pity! In my seclusion, I hunger for tidings from the civilized world. [*The PRIEST comes forward and speaks to him eagerly, suggesting in pantomime TRAHERNE'S action in burning the paper, and pointing to the ashes on the ground, at which the RAJA looks.*] You burned this column?

TRAHERNE

Unfortunately, I did.

RAJA

Ah! [*Pause.*] I know your motive, Dr. Traherne, and I appreciate it. You destroyed it out of consideration for my feelings, wishing to spare me a painful piece of intelligence. That was very thoughtful—but quite unnecessary. I already know what you tried to conceal.

CRESPIN

You know—!

TRAHERNE

Your Highness knows—!

[*Simultaneously.*]

RAJA

I know that three of my subjects, accused of a political crime, have been sentenced to death.

TRAHERNE

How is it possible —?

RAJA

Bad news flies fast, Dr. Traherne. But one thing you can perhaps tell me — is there any chance of their sentences being remitted?

TRAHERNE

I am afraid not, Your Highness.

CRESPIN

Remitted? I should rather say not. It was a cold-blooded, unprovoked murder.

RAJA

Unprovoked, you think? Well, I won't argue the point. And the execution is to be —?

TRAHERNE

I think tomorrow — or the day after.

RAJA

Tomorrow or the day after — yes. [*Turning to LUCILLA.*] Forgive me, Madam — I have kept you waiting.

TRAHERNE

Does Your Highness know anything of these men?

RAJA

[*Over his shoulder, as he hands LUCILLA into the litter.*] Know them? Oh, yes — they are my brothers.

[He seats himself on his own litter and claps his hands twice. Both litters are raised and move off, LUCILLA'S first. The regular soldiers line the way, in single rank. They salute as the litters pass. WATKINS follows the RAJA'S. CRESPIAN and TRAHERNE seat themselves in their chairs. As they do so:]

CRESPIAN

His brothers? What did he mean?

TRAHERNE

[Shrugging his shoulders.] Heaven knows!

CRESPIAN

I don't half like our host, Traherne. There's too much of the cat about him.

TRAHERNE

Or of the tiger. And how the devil had he got the news?

[As the two chairs move off, CRESPIAN first, the two ranks of soldiers close round them. The irregulars and musicians, headed by the dancing negro, bring up the rear. The PRIEST prostrates himself, as if in thanksgiving, before the Goddess.]

CURTAIN

ACT SECOND

A spacious and well-proportioned room, opening at the back upon a wide loggia. Beyond the loggia can be seen distant snow-peaks and a strip of sky. Late afternoon light.

The room is furnished in a once splendid but now very old-fashioned and faded style. Furniture of black picked out with gold, and upholstered in yellow damask. A great crystal chandelier in the middle of the ceiling, and under it a circular ottoman. Right, a large two-leaved door; left, a handsome marble fireplace, with a mirror over it. Candlesticks with crystal pendants at each end of the mantelpiece, and in the middle a bronze statuette, some eighteen inches high, representing the many-armed Goddess. A wood fire laid, but unlighted. Near the fireplace, two quite modern saddle-bag arm-chairs, out of keeping with the stiffness of the remaining furniture. A small table near the door, right, with modern English and French books on it. A handsome gramophone in the corner, right. On the walls, left and right, some very bad paintings of fine-looking Orientals in gorgeous attire. Electric lights.

TRAHERNE *discovered at back, centre, looking out over the landscape. He does not go out upon the loggia (which can be entered both right and left without passing through the room) because two turbaned servants are there, under the direction of an old and*

dignified Major-domo, arranging a luxurious dinner table, with four covers. TRAHERNE stands motionless for a moment. Then enters CRESPIN by the door, right, ushered in by a servant, who salaams and retires.

CRESPIN

Ah, there you are, Doctor.

TRAHERNE

[*Turning.*] Hullo! How did you get on?

CRESPIN

All right. Had a capital tub. And you?

TRAHERNE

Feeling more like a human being. And what about Mrs. Crespin? I hope she's all right.

CRESPIN

She was taken off by an ayah as soon as we got in — presumably to the women's quarters.

TRAHERNE

And you let her go off alone?

CRESPIN

What the hell could I do? I couldn't thrust myself into the women's quarters.

TRAHERNE

You could have kept her with you.

CRESPIN

Do you think she'd have stayed? And, come to that, what business is it of yours?

TRAHERNE

It's any man's business to be concerned for a woman's safety.

CRESPIN

Well, well — all right. But there was nothing I could have done or that she would let me do. And I don't think there's any danger.

TRAHERNE

Let us hope not.

CRESPIN

It's a vast shanty this.

TRAHERNE

It's a palace and a fortress in one.

CRESPIN

A devilish strong place before the days of big guns. But a couple of howitzers would soon make it look pretty foolish.

TRAHERNE

No doubt; but how would you get them here?

CRESPIN

[*Looking at the dinner table.*] I say — it looks as if our friend were going to do us well. [*One of the servants comes in with a wine-cooler. When the man has gone, CRESPIN picks up the bottle and looks at the label.*] Perrier Jouet, nineteen-o-six, by the lord! [*He strolls over to the ottoman, and seats himself, facing the fire-place.*] It's a rum start this, Traherne. I suppose you intellectual chaps would call it romantic.

TRAHERNE

[*Examining the figure of the Goddess on the mantel-*

piece.] More romantic than agreeable, I should say.
I don't like the looks of this lady.

CRESPIN

What is she?

TRAHERNE

The same figure we saw in the little temple, where
we landed.

CRESPIN

How many arms has she got?

TRAHERNE

Six.

CRESPIN

She could give you a jolly good hug, anyway.

TRAHERNE

You wouldn't want another.

CRESPIN

Where do you suppose we really are, Traherne?

TRAHERNE

On the map, you mean?

CRESPIN

Of course.

TRAHERNE

Oh, in the never-never land. Somewhere on the way
to Bokhara. I've been searching my memory for all I
ever heard about Rukh. I fancy very little is known,
except that it seems to send forth a peculiarly poisonous
breed of fanatics.

CRESPIN

Like those who did poor Haredale in?

TRAHERNE

Precisely.

CRESPIN

D'you think our host was serious when he said they were his brothers? Or was he only pulling our leg, curse his impudence?

TRAHERNE

He probably meant caste-brothers, or simply men of the same race. But, even so, it's awkward.

CRESPIN

I don't see what these beggars, living at the back of the north wind, have got to do with Indian politics. We've never interfered with them.

TRAHERNE

Oh, it's a case of Asia for the Asians. Ever since the Japanese beat the Russians, the whole continent has been itching to kick us out.

CRESPIN

So that they may cut each other's throats at leisure, eh?

TRAHERNE

We Westerners never cut each other's throats, do we?

[WATKINS has entered at the back, right, carrying a silver centre-piece for the table. He sets it down and is going out to the left, when CRESPIN catches sight of him and hails him.]

CRESPIN

Hallo! You there! What's your name! *[WATKINS stops.]* Just come here a minute, will you?

WATKINS

Meaning me, sir? [*He advances into the room. There is a touch of covert insolence in his manner.*]

CRESPIN

Yes, you, Mr.——? Mr.——?

WATKINS

Watkins is my name, sir.

CRESPIN

Right ho! Watkins. Can you tell us where we are, Watkins?

WATKINS

They calls the place Rukh, sir.

CRESPIN

Yes, yes, we know that. But where is Rukh?

WATKINS

I hunderstand these mountains is called the 'Imalayas, sir.

CRESPIN

Damn it, sir, we don't want a lesson in geography!

WATKINS

No, sir? My mistake, sir.

TRAHERNE

Major Crespin means that we want to know how far we are from the nearest point in India.

WATKINS

I really couldn't say, sir. Not so very far, I dessay, as the crow flies.

TRAHERNE

Unfortunately we're not in a position to fly with the crow. How long does the journey take?

WATKINS

They tell me it takes about three weeks to Cashmere.

CRESPIN

They tell you! Surely you must remember how long it took you?

WATKINS

No, sir, excuse me, sir — I've never been in India.

CRESPIN

Not been in India? And I was just thinking, as I looked at you, that I seemed to have seen you before.

WATKINS

Not in India, sir. We might 'ave met in England, but I don't call to mind having that pleasure.

CRESPIN

But if you haven't been in India, how the hell did you get here?

WATKINS

I came with 'Is 'Ighness, sir, by way of Tashkent. All our dealin's with Europe is by way of Russia.

TRAHERNE

But it's possible to get to India direct, and not by way of Central Asia?

WATKINS

Oh, yes, it's done, sir. But I'm told there are some very tight places to negotiate — like the camel and the needle's eye, as you might say.

— —

TRAHERNE

Difficult travelling for a lady, eh?

WATKINS

Next door to himpossible, I should guess, sir.

CRESPIN

A nice look-out, Traherne! [*To WATKINS.*] Tell me, my man — is His Highness — h'm — married?

WATKINS

Oh, yessir — very much so, sir.

CRESPIN

Children?

WATKINS

He has fifteen sons, sir.

CRESPIN

The daughters don't count, eh?

WATKINS

I've never 'ad a hopportunity of counting 'em, sir.

TRAHERNE

He said the men accused of assassinating a political officer were his brothers —

WATKINS

[*Quickly.*] Did 'e say that, sir?

TRAHERNE

Didn't you hear him? What did he mean?

WATKINS

I'm sure I couldn't say, sir. 'Is 'Ighness is what you'd call a very playful gentleman, sir.

TRAHERNE

But I don't see the joke in saying that.

WATKINS

No, sir? P'raps 'Is 'Ighness'll explain, sir. [*A pause.*]

CRESPIN

Your master spoke of visits from European ladies — do they come from Russia?

WATKINS

From various parts, I understand, sir,— mostly from Paris.

CRESPIN

Any here now?

WATKINS

I really couldn't say, sir.

TRAHERNE

They don't dine with His Highness?

WATKINS

Oh no, sir. 'Is 'Ighness sometimes sups with them.

CRESPIN

And my wife — Mrs. Crespin — ?

WATKINS

Make your mind easy, sir — the lady won't meet any hundesirable characters, sir. I give strict orders to the — the female what took charge of the lady.

TRAHERNE

She is to be trusted?

— —

WATKINS

Habsolutely, sir. She is — in a manner of speakin',— my wife, sir.

CRESPIN

Mrs. Watkins, eh?

WATKINS

Yessir — I suppose you would say so.

TRAHERNE

But now look here, Watkins — you say we're three weeks away from Cashmere — yet the Raja knew of the sentence passed on these subjects of his, who were tried only three days ago. How do you account for that?

WATKINS

I can't, sir. All I can say is, there's queer things goes on here.

TRAHERNE

Queer things? What do you mean?

WATKINS

Well, sir, them priests you know — they goes in a lot for what 'Is 'Ighness calls magic —

TRAHERNE

Oh come, Watkins — you don't believe in that!

WATKINS

Well, sir, p'raps not. I don't, not to say believe in it. But there's queer things goes on. I can't say no more, nor I can't say no less. If you'll excuse me, sir, I must just run my eye over the dinner-table. 'Is 'Ighness will be here directly.

[He retires, inspects the table, makes one or two changes, and presently goes out by the back, left.]

CRESPIN

That fellow's either a cunning rascal or a damned fool. Which do you think?

TRAHERNE

I don't believe he's the fool he'd like us to take him for.— Ah, here is Mrs. Crespin.

[Enter LUCILLA, right, ushered in by a handsome AYAH. She is dressed in a gauzy gown of quite recent style, dark blue or crimson. Not in the least décolletée. At most the sleeves might be open, so as to show her arms to the elbow. No ornaments except a gold locket on a little gold chain round her neck. The costume is absolutely plain, but in striking contrast to her travelling dress. Her hair is beautifully arranged.]

LUCILLA

[To the AYAH.] Thank you. *[The AYAH disappears. LUCILLA advances, holding out her skirt a little.]* Behold the Paris model!

CRESPIN

My eye, Lu, what a ripping frock!

TRAHERNE

Talk of magic, Major! There's something in what our friend says.

LUCILLA

What is that? What about magic?

CRESPIN

We'll tell you afterwards. Let's have your adventures first.

LUCILLA

No adventures precisely — only a little excursion into the Arabian Nights.

TRAHERNE

Do tell us!

LUCILLA

[*Evidently a little nervous, yet not without enjoyment of the experience.*] Well, my guide — the woman you saw — led me along corridor after corridor, and upstairs and downstairs, till we came to a heavy bronze door where two villainous-looking blacks, with crookèd swords, were on guard. I didn't like the looks of them a bit; but I was in for it and had to go on. They drew their swords and flourished a sort of salute, grinning with all their teeth. Then the ayah clapped her hands twice, some one inspected us through a grating in the door, and the ayah said a word or two —

TRAHERNE

No doubt "Open sesame!"

LUCILLA

The door was opened by a hideous, hump-backed old woman, just like the wicked fairy in a pantomime. She didn't actually bite me, but she looked as if she'd like to — and we passed on. More corridors, with curtained doorways, where I had a feeling that furtive eyes were watching me — though I can't positively say I saw them. But I'm sure I heard whisperings and titterings —

CRESPIN

Good Lord! If I'd thought they were going to treat you like that, I'd have —

LUCILLA

Oh, there was nothing you could have done; and, you see, no harm came of it. At last the woman led me into a large sort of wardrobe room, lighted from above, and almost entirely lined with glazed presses full of frocks. Then she slid back a panel, and there was a marble-lined bath room! — a deep pool, with a trickle of water flowing into it from a dolphin's head of gold — just enough to make the surface ripple and dance. And all around were the latest Bond Street luxuries — shampooing bowls and brushes, bottles of essences, towels on hot rails and all the rest of it. The only thing that was disagreeable was a sickly odour from some burning pastilles — oh, and a coal-black bath-woman.

TRAHERNE

It suggests a Royal Academy picture — “The Odalisque's Pool.”

CRESPIN

Or a soap advertisement.

TRAHERNE

Same thing.

LUCILLA

Well, I wasn't sorry to play the odalisque for once; and when I had finished, lo and behold! the ayah had laid out for me half-a-dozen gorgeous and distinctly risky dinner-gowns. I had to explain to her in gestures that I couldn't live up to any of them, and would rather put on my old travelling dress. She seemed quite frightened at the idea —

CRESPIN

Ha ha! She'd probably have got the sack — perhaps literally — if she'd let you do that.

LUCILLA

Anyway, she at last produced this comparatively in-offensive frock. She did my hair, and wanted to finish me off with all sorts of necklaces and bangles, but I stuck to my old locket with the babies' heads.

CRESPIN

Well, all's well that ends well, I suppose. But if I'd foreseen all this "Secrets of the Zenana" business, I'm dashed if I wouldn't —

LUCILLA

[*Cutting him short.*] What were you saying about magic when I came in.

TRAHERNE

Only that this man, Watkins — he's the husband of your ayah, by the way — says queer things go on here, and pretends to believe in magic.

LUCILLA

Do you know, Antony, when the Raja was speaking about him down there, it seemed to me that his face was somehow familiar to me.

CRESPIN

There, Doctor! What did I say? I knew I'd seen him before, but I'm damned if I can place him.

LUCILLA

I wish I could get a good look at him.

[*WATKINS enters, back, left, with something for the table.*]

TRAHERNE

There he is. Shall I call him in?

LUCILLA

Say I want him to thank his wife from me.

TRAHERNE

[*Calls.*] Watkins!

WATKINS

Sir?

TRAHERNE

Mrs. Crespin would like to speak to you. [WATKINS comes forward.]

LUCILLA

I hear, Watkins, that the ayah who so kindly attended to me is your wife.

WATKINS

That's right, ma'am.

LUCILLA

She gave me most efficient assistance, and, as she seems to know no English, I couldn't thank her. Will you be good enough to tell her how much I appreciated all she did for me?

WATKINS

Thank you kindly, ma'am. She'll be proud to hear it. [*Pause.*] Is that all ma'am?

LUCILLA

That's all, thank you, Watkins.

[*He returns to the loggia, but goes to the other side of the dinner-table and keeps an eye on the three.*]

CRESPIN

You've a good memory for faces, Lu. Do you spot him?

- -

LUCILLA

Don't let him see we're talking about him. I believe I do know him, but I'm not quite sure. Do you remember, the first year we were in India, there was a man of the Dorsets that used often to be on guard outside the mess-room?

CRESPIN

By God, you've hit it!

TRAHERNE

Take care! He's watching.

LUCILLA

You remember he deserted, and was suspected of having murdered a woman in the bazaar.

CRESPIN

I believe it's the very man.

LUCILLA

It's certainly very like him.

CRESPIN

And he swears he's never been in India!

TRAHERNE

Under the circumstances, he naturally would.

LUCILLA

At all events, he's not a man to be trusted.

[*At this moment the RAJA enters by the door, right. He is in faultless European evening dress — white waistcoat, white tie, etc. No jewels, except the ribbon and star of a Russian order. Nothing oriental about him except his turban and his complexion.*]

RAJA

[*As he enters.*] Pray forgive me, Madam, for being the last to appear. The fact is, I had to hold a sort of Cabinet Council — or shall I say a conclave of prelates? — with regard to questions arising out of your most welcome arrival.

CRESPIN

May we hope, Raja, that you were laying a dawd for our return?

RAJA

Pray, pray, Major, let us postpone that question for the moment. First let us fortify ourselves; after dinner we will talk seriously. If you are in too great a hurry to desert me, must I not conclude, Madam, that you are dissatisfied with your reception?

LUCILLA

How could we possibly be so ungrateful, your Highness? Your hospitality overwhelms us.

RAJA

I trust my Mistress of the Robes furnished you with all you required?

LUCILLA

With all and more than all. She offered me quite a bewildering array of gorgeous apparel.

RAJA

Oh, I am glad. I had hoped that perhaps your choice might have fallen on something more — [*He indicates by gestures, "décolleté"*]. But no — I was wrong — Madam's taste is irreproachable.

[*A servant enters from behind with cocktails on a silver salver. LUCILLA refuses. The men accept.*

LUCILLA *picks up a yellow French book on one of the tables.*]

RAJA

You see, Madam, we fall behind the age here. We are still in the Anatole France period. If he bores you, here [*picking up another book*] is a Maurice Barrès that you may find more amusing.

LUCILLA

Oh, I too am in the Anatole France period, I assure you. [*Reads.*] “*Sur la Pierre Blanche*”—isn’t that the one you were recommending to me, Dr. Traherne?

TRAHERNE

Yes, I like it better than some of his later books.

RAJA

[*Picking up a silver-grey book.*] As for Bernard Shaw, I suppose he’s quite a back number; but I confess his impudence entertains me. What do you say, Major?

CRESPIN

Never read a line of the fellow—except in *John Bull*.

LUCILLA and TRAHERNE

[*Simultaneously.*] In *John Bull*!

CRESPIN

Somebody told me he wrote in *John Bull*—doesn’t he?

RAJA

Are you fond of music, Mrs. Crespin? [*Goes to the gramophone, and turns over some records, till he finds one which he lays on the top of the pile.*] Suppose we have some during dinner. [WATKINS *enters from the*

back, left.] Watkins, just start this top record will you.
[WATKINS *does so.*]

[At this moment the MAJOR-DOMO enters from the back, and says a few words.]

RAJA

Ah! *Madame est servie!* Allow me —

[He offers LUCILLA his arm and leads her to the table. The others follow.] Will you take this seat, Madam? You here, Major — Dr. Traherne! *[He himself sits to the left of the table; LUCILLA on his right; TRAHERNE opposite him; and CRESPIN opposite LUCILLA, with his back to the sunset, which is now flooding the scene.]*

RAJA

[As the servants offer dishes.] I can recommend this caviare, Major — and you'll take a glass of maraschino with it — Russian fashion.

[Just as they sit down the gramophone reels out the first bars of a piece of music.]

LUCILLA

[After listening a moment.] Oh, what is that?

RAJA

Don't you know it?

LUCILLA

Oh yes, but I can't think what it is.

RAJA

Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" — a most humorous composition. May I pour you a glass of maraschino? *[He goes on talking as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

When it rises again, the glow has faded, and some big stars are pulsing in the strip of purple sky. The party is just finishing dinner. Dessert is on the table, which is lighted by electric lamps. WATKINS stands behind the RAJA's chair. The MAJOR-DOMO and other servants hover round.

The RAJA has just finished a story, at which all laugh. A short pause.]

LUCILLA

What a heavenly night!

RAJA

Yes, our summer climate is far from bad.

LUCILLA

The air is like champagne.

RAJA

A little over frappé for some tastes. What do you say, Madam? Shall we have coffee indoors? There is an edge to the air at these altitudes, as soon as the sun has gone down.

LUCILLA

[*Shivers slightly.*] Yes, I do feel a little chilly.

RAJA

Watkins, send for a shawl for Madam. [*Rising.*] And ah — let us have the fire lighted. [WATKINS goes off to the left. The RAJA says a word to the MAJOR-DOMO, who touches a switch in one of the pillars of the loggia opening. The chandelier and wall-lamps of the salon burst into brilliant light.]

RAJA

[*Offering his arm to LUCILLA.*] Let me find you a

comfortable seat, Madam. [*He leads her to the further back of the two arm-chairs.*] When the fire is lighted, I think you will find this quite pleasant. Take the other chair, Major. [*CRESPIN does so.*] I must really re-furnish this salon. My ancestors had no notion of comfort. To tell the truth, I use the room only on state occasions, like the present. [*Bowing to LUCILLA.*] I have a much more modern snuggerly upstairs, which I hope you will see tomorrow.

[*Servants hand round coffee, liqueurs, cigars, cigarettes during what follows. One of them lights the fire, of aromatic wood.*]

RAJA

[*To TRAHERNE, who has remained at the loggia opening, looking out into the night.*] Star-gazing, Dr. Traherne?

TRAHERNE

I beg your pardon. [*Comes forward.*]

LUCILLA

Dr. Traherne is quite an astronomer.

RAJA

As much at home with the telescope as with the microscope, eh?

TRAHERNE

Oh no. I'm no astronomer. I can pick out a few of the constellations,—that's all.

RAJA

For my part, I look at the stars as little as possible. As a spectacle they're monotonous, and they don't bear thinking of.

[*The AYAH, entering by door, right, brings LU-*

CILLA *a shawl, which the RAJA places on her shoulders.*]

LUCILLA

What an exquisite shawl!

RAJA

And most becoming — don't you think so, Doctor? [TRAHERNE *is gazing at LUCILLA.*] My Mistress of the Robes has chosen well! [*He makes a motion of noiseless applause to the AYAH, who grins and exit, right.*]

LUCILLA

Why won't the stars bear thinking of, Raja?

RAJA

Well, dear lady, don't you think they're rather ostentatious? I was guilty of a little showing-off today, when I played that foolish trick with my regular troops. But think of the Maharaja up yonder [*pointing upwards*] who night after night whistles up his glittering legions, and puts them through their deadly punctual drill, as much as to say "See what a devil of a fellow I am!" Do you think it quite in good taste, Madam?

TRAHERNE

[*Laughing.*] I'm afraid you're jealous, Raja. You don't like having to play second fiddle to a still more absolute ruler.

RAJA

Perhaps you're right, Doctor — perhaps it's partly that. But there's something more to it. I can't help resenting — [*To CRESPIAN to whom a servant is offering liqueurs.*] Let me recommend the kümmel, Major. I think you'll find it excellent.

TRAHERNE

What is it you resent?

RAJA

Oh, the respect paid to mere size — to the immensity, as they call it, of the universe. Are we to worship a god because he's big?

TRAHERNE

If you resent his bigness, what do you say to his littleness? The microscope, you know, reveals him no less than the telescope.

RAJA

And reveals him in the form of death-dealing specks of matter, which you, I understand, Doctor, are impiously proposing to exterminate.

TRAHERNE

I am trying to marshal the life-saving against the death-dealing powers.

RAJA

To marshal God's right hand against his left, eh? or *vice versa*? But I admit you have the pull of the astronomers, in so far as you deal in life, not in dead mechanism. [*Killing a gnat on the back of his hand.*] This mosquito that I have just killed — I am glad to see you smoke, Madam: it helps to keep them off — this mosquito, or any smallest thing that has life in it, is to me far more admirable than a whole lifeless universe. What do you say, Major?

CRESPIN

[*Smoking a cigar.*] I say, Raja, that if you'll tell that fellow to give me another glass of kümmel, I'll let you

have your own way about the universe. [*The RAJA says a word to one of the servants, who refills CRESPIŃ'Ń glass.*]

LUCILLA

But what if the mechanism, as you call it, isn't dead? What if the stars are swarming with life?

TRAHERNE

Yes — suppose there are planets, which of course we can't see, circling round each of the great suns we do see? And suppose they are all inhabited?

RAJA

I'd rather not suppose it. Isn't one inhabited world bad enough? Do we want it multiplied by millions?

LUCILLA

Haven't you just been telling us that a living gnat is more wonderful than a dead universe?

RAJA

Wonderful? Yes, by all means — wonderful as a device for torturing and being tortured. Oh, I'm neither a saint nor an ascetic — I take life as I find it — I am tortured and I torture. But there's one thing I'm really proud of — I'm proud to belong to the race of the Buddha, who first found out that life was a colossal blunder.

LUCILLA

[*In a low voice.*] Should you like the sky to be starless? That seems to me — forgive me, Prince — the last word of impiety.

RAJA

Possibly, Madam. How my esteemed fellow-creatures were ever bluffed into piety is a mystery to me. Not that

I'm complaining. If men could not be bluffed by the Raja above, much less would they be bluffed by us Rajas below. And though life is a contemptible business, I don't deny that power is the best part of it.

TRAHERNE

In short, your Highness is a Superman.

RAJA

Ah, you read Nietzsche? Yes, if I weren't of the kindred of the Buddha, I should like to be of the race of that great man.

[The servants have now all withdrawn.]

LUCILLA

[Looking out.] There is the moon rising over the snowfields. I hope you wouldn't banish her from the heavens?

RAJA

Oh no — I like her silly, good-natured face. And she's useful to lovers and brigands and other lawless vagabonds, with whom I have great sympathy. Besides, I don't know that she's so silly either. She seems to be for ever raising her eyebrows in mild astonishment at human folly.

CRESPIN

All this is out of my depth, your Highness. We've had a rather fatiguing day. Mightn't we — ?

RAJA

To be sure. I only waited till the servants had gone. Now, are you all quite comfortable?

LUCILLA

Quite.

TRAHERNE

Perfectly, thank you.

CRESPIN

Perfectly.

RAJA

[*Smoking a cigar, and standing with his back to the fire.*] Then we'll go into committee upon your position here.

CRESPIN

If you please, sir.

RAJA

I'm afraid you may find it rather disagreeable.

CRESPIN

Communications bad, eh? We have a difficult journey before us?

RAJA

A long journey, I fear — yet not precisely difficult.

CRESPIN

It surely can't be so very far, since you had heard of the sentence passed on those assassins.

RAJA

I am glad, Major, that you have so tactfully spared me the pain of re-opening that subject. We should have had to come to it, sooner or later. [*An embarrassed pause.*]

TRAHERNE

When your Highness said they were your brothers, you were of course speaking figuratively. You meant your tribesmen?

RAJA

Not at all. They are sons of my father — not of my mother.

LUCILLA

And we intrude upon you at such a time! How dreadful!

RAJA

Oh, pray don't apologize. Believe me, your arrival has given great satisfaction.

TRAHERNE

How do you mean?

RAJA

I'll explain presently. But first —

CRESPIN

[*Interrupting.*] First let us understand each other. You surely can't approve of this abominable crime?

RAJA

My brothers are fanatics, and there is no fanaticism in me.

LUCILLA

How do they come to be so different from you?

RAJA

That is just what I was going to tell you. I was my father's eldest son, by his favorite wife. Through my mother's influence (my poor mother — how I loved her!) I was sent to Europe. My education was wholly European. I shed all my prejudices. I became the open-minded citizen of the world whom I hope you recognize in me. My brothers, on the other hand, turned to India for their culture. The religion of our people

has always been a primitive idolatry. My brothers naturally fell in with adherents of the same superstition, and they worked each other up to a high pitch of frenzy against the European exploitation of Asia.

TRAHERNE

Had you no restraining influence upon them?

RAJA

Of course I might have imprisoned them — or had them strangled — the traditional form of argument in our family. But why should I? As I said, I have no prejudices — least of all in favour of the British raj. We are of Indian race, though long severed from the Motherland — and I do not love her tyrants.

CRESPIN

[*Who has had quite enough to drink.*] In short, sir, you defend this devilish murder?

RAJA

Oh no — I think it foolish and futile. But there is a romantic as well as a practical side to my nature, and, from the romantic point of view, I rather admire it.

CRESPIN

[*Rising.*] Then, sir, the less we intrude on your hospitality the better. If you will be good enough to furnish us with transport tomorrow morning —

RAJA

That is just where the difficulty arises —

CRESPIN

No transport, hey?

RAJA

Materially it might be managed; but morally I fear it is — excuse the colloquialism, Madam — no go.

CRESPIN

What the devil do you mean, sir — ?

LUCILLA

[*Trying to cover his bluster.*] Will your Highness be good enough to explain?

RAJA

I mentioned that the religion of my people is a primitive superstition? Well, since the news has spread that three Feringhis have dropped from the skies precisely at the time when three princes of the royal house are threatened with death at the hands of the Feringhi government, — and dropped, moreover, in the precincts of a temple — my subjects have got it into their heads that you have been personally conducted hither by the Goddess whom they especially worship.

LUCILLA

The Goddess — ?

RAJA

[*Turning to the statuette.*] Here is her portrait on the mantelpiece — much admired by connoisseurs.

[*LUCILLA cannot repress a shudder.*]

RAJA

I need not say that I am far from sharing the popular illusion. Your arrival is of course the merest coincidence — for me, a charming coincidence. But my people hold unphilosophic views. I understand that even in England the vulgar are apt to see the Finger of Provi-

dence in particularly fortunate — or unfortunate — occurrences.

CRESPIN

Then the upshot of all this palaver is that you propose to hold us as hostages, to exchange for your brothers?

RAJA

That is not precisely the idea, my dear sir. My theologians do not hold that an exchange is what the Goddess decrees. Nor, to be quite frank, would it altogether suit my book.

LUCILLA

Not to get your brothers back again?

RAJA

You may have noted in history, Madam, that family affection is seldom the strong point of Princes. Is it not Pope who remarks on their lack of enthusiasm for “a brother near the throne”? My sons are mere children, and were I to die — we are all mortal — there might be trouble about the succession. In our family, uncles seldom love nephews.

LUCILLA

So you would raise no finger to save your brothers?

RAJA

That is not my only reason. Supposing it possible that I could bully the Government of India into giving up my relatives, do you think it would sit calmly down under the humiliation? No, no, dear lady. It might wait a few years to find some decent pretext, but assuredly we should have a punitive expedition. It would cost thousands of lives and millions of money, but what would that matter? Prestige would be restored, and I

should end my days in a maisonette in Petrograd. It wouldn't suit me at all. Hitherto I have escaped the notice of your Government by a policy of masterly inactivity, and I propose to adhere to that policy.

CRESPIN

Then I don't see how —

TRAHERNE

[*Simultaneously.*] Surely you don't mean — ?

RAJA

We are approaching the crux of the matter — a point which I fear you may have some difficulty in appreciating. I would beg you to remember that, though I am what is commonly called an autocrat, there is no such thing under the sun as real despotism. All government is government by consent of the people. It is very stupid of them to consent—but they do. I have studied the question—I took a pretty good degree at Cambridge, in Moral and Political Science—and I assure you that, though I have absolute power of life and death over my subjects, it is only their acquiescence that gives me that power. If I defied their prejudices or their passions, they could upset my throne tomorrow.

CRESPIN

[*Angrily.*] Will you be so kind as to come to the point, sir?

RAJA

Gently, Major! We shall reach it soon enough. [*To LUCILLA.*] Please remember, too, Madam, that an autocracy is generally a theocracy to boot, and mine is a case in point. I am a slave to theology. The clerical party can do what it pleases with me, for there is no other

party to oppose it. True, I am my own Archbishop of Canterbury — but “I have a partner: Mr. Jorkins” — I have a terribly exacting Archbishop of York. I fear I may have to introduce you to him tomorrow.

LUCILLA

You are torturing us, your Highness. Like my husband, I beg you to come to the point.

RAJA

The point is, dear lady, that the theology on which, as I say, my whole power is founded, has not yet emerged from the Mosaic stage of development: it demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth —

[*A long pause.*]

a life for a life.

[*Another pause.*]

TRAHERNE

You mean to say —

RAJA

Unfortunately, I do.

LUCILLA

You would kill us — ?

RAJA

Not I, Madam — the clerical party. And only if my brothers are executed. If not, I will merely demand your word of honour that what has passed between us shall never be mentioned to any human soul — and you shall go free.

CRESPIN

But if your brother assassins are hanged — as assuredly they will be — you will put to death in cold blood —

RAJA

[*Interrupting.*] Oh, not in cold blood, Major. There is nothing cold-blooded about the clerical party when "white goats," as their phrase goes, are to be sacrificed to the Goddess.

TRAHERNE

Does your Goddess demand the life of a woman?

RAJA

Well, on that point she might not be too exacting. "On trouve avec le Ciel des accommodements." If Madam would be so gracious as to favour me with her — society —

[*LUCILLA after gazing at him for a moment speechless, realizes his meaning and springs up with a cry of rage and shame.*]

TRAHERNE

Scoundrel!

CRESPIN

[*Draws his revolver.*] Another word, and I shoot you like a dog!

RAJA

Oh, no, Major — that wouldn't help a bit. You would only be torn to pieces instead of beheaded. Besides, I have had your teeth drawn. That precaution was taken while you were at your bath.

CRESPIN

[*Examines his revolver and finds it empty.*] Damnation!

LUCILLA

[*Raising her head and addressing both men.*] Promise you won't leave me alone! If we must die, let me die first.

RAJA

The order of the ceremony, Madam, will not be at these gentlemen's choice. [LUCILLA *makes a gesture of despair.*] But do not be alarmed. No constraint shall be put upon your inclinations. Dr. Traherne reproached me with lack of consideration for your sex, and I hinted that, if you so pleased, your sex should meet with every consideration. I gather that you do not so please? Well, I scarcely hoped you would — I do not press the point. None the less, the suggestion remains open. And now, I'm afraid I've been talking a great deal. You must be fatigued.

[*The MAJOR-DOMO appears at the door, right, with a slip of paper on a salver. The RAJA motions him to advance, goes to meet him, takes the paper and looks at it.*]

RAJA

Ah, this is interesting! If you will wait a few minutes, I may have some news for you. Excuse me.

[*Exit, right, followed by the MAJOR-DOMO.*]

[*The three stare at each other for a moment in speechless horror.*]

LUCILLA

And we were saved this morning — only for this!

TRAHERNE

Courage! There must be some way out.

CRESPIN

The whole thing's a damned piece of bluff! Ha, ha, ha! The scoundrel almost took me in.

LUCILLA

[*Throwing herself down on the ottoman in a passion*

of tears.] My babies! Oh, my babies! Never to see them again! To leave them all alone in the world! My Ronny! My little Iris! What can we do? What can we do? Antony! Dr. Traherne! Think of something — something —

CRESPIN

Yes, yes, Lu — we'll think of something —

TRAHERNE

There's that fellow Watkins — we might bribe him —

LUCILLA

Oh, offer him every penny we have in the world —

TRAHERNE

I'm afraid he's a malicious scoundrel. He must have known what was hanging over our heads, and, looking back, I seem to see him gloating over it.

LUCILLA

Still — still — perhaps he can be bought. Antony! Think of the children! Oh, do let us try.

CRESPIN

But even if he would, he couldn't guide us through the mountains.

LUCILLA

Oh, he could hire some one else.

TRAHERNE

I don't believe we can possibly be so far from the frontier as he makes out.

LUCILLA

How far did he say?

TRAHERNE

Three weeks' journey. Yet they know all about things that happened less than a week ago.

[Suddenly all the lights in the room go down very perceptibly. All look round in surprise.]

LUCILLA

What is that? *[A sort of hissing and chittering sound is heard faintly but unmistakably.]* What an odd sound!

TRAHERNE

Major! Do you hear that!

CRESPIN

Do I hear it? I should say so!

TRAHERNE

Wireless!

CRESPIN

[Much excited.] Wireless, by Jupiter! They're sending out a message!

TRAHERNE

That accounts for it! They're in wireless communication with India!

LUCILLA

[To TRAHERNE.] Antony knows all about wireless.

CRESPIN

I should rather think so! Wasn't it my job all through the war! If I could hear more distinctly now — and if they're transmitting in clear — I could read their message.

TRAHERNE

That may be our salvation!

CRESPIN

If we could get control of the wireless for five minutes, and call up the aerodrome at Amil-Serai —

LUCILLA

What then?

CRESPIN

Why, we'd soon bring the Raja to his senses.

LUCILLA

[To CRESPIN.] Where do you suppose the installation is?

CRESPIN

Somewhere overhead I should say.

TRAHERNE

We must go very cautiously, Major. We must on no account let the Raja suspect that we know anything about wireless telegraphy, else he'd take care we should never get near the installation.

CRESPIN

Right you are, Traherne — I'll lie very low.

LUCILLA

[*Tearing off the shawl.*] And how are we to behave to that horrible man?

CRESPIN

We must keep a stiff upper lip, and play the game.

LUCILLA

You mean pretend to take part in his ghastly comedy of hospitality and politeness?

TRAHERNE

If you can, it would be wisest. His delight in showing off his European polish is all in our favour. But for that he might separate us and lock us up. We must avoid that at all costs.

LUCILLA

Oh, yes, yes —

CRESPIN

You've always had plenty of pluck, Lu —. Now's the time to show it.

LUCILLA

[*Putting on the shawl again.*] You can trust me. The thought of the children knocked me over at first; but I'm not afraid to die. [*The chittering sound ceases, and the lights suddenly go up again.*] The noise has stopped.

CRESPIN

Yes, they've left off transmitting, and ceased to draw on the electric current.

TRAHERNE

He'll be back presently. Don't let us seem to be consulting.

[TRAHERNE seats himself in an easy chair. LUCILLA sits on the ottoman. CRESPIN lights a cigar and takes the RAJA'S place before the fire.]

CRESPIN

Curse it! I can't remember the wave-length and the call for Amil-Serai. I was constantly using it at one time.

TRAHERNE

It'll come back to you.

CRESPIN

I pray to the Lord it may!

[*The RAJA enters, right.*]

RAJA

I promised you news, and it has come.

CRESPIN

What news?

RAJA

My brothers' execution is fixed for the day after to-morrow.

LUCILLA

Then the day after to-morrow — ?

RAJA

Yes — at sunset. [*A pause.*] But meanwhile I hope you will regard my poor house as your own. This is Liberty Hall. My tennis courts, my billiard-room, my library are all at your disposal. I should not advise you to pass the palace gates — it would not be safe, for popular feeling, I must warn you, runs very high. Besides, where could you go? There are three hundred miles of almost impassable country between you and the nearest British post.

TRAHERNE

In that case, Prince, how do you communicate with India? How has this news reached you?

RAJA

Does that puzzle you?

TRAHERNE

Naturally.

RAJA

You don't guess?

TRAHERNE

We have been trying to. The only thing we could think of was that you must be in wireless communication.

RAJA

You observed nothing to confirm the idea?

TRAHERNE

Why, no.

RAJA

Did you not notice that the lights suddenly went down?

TRAHERNE

Yes, and at the same time we heard a peculiar hissing sound.

RAJA

None of you knew what it meant?

TRAHERNE

No.

RAJA

Then you have no knowledge of wireless telegraphy?

TRAHERNE

None.

RAJA

I may tell you, then, that that hissing is the sound of wireless transmission. I am in communication with India.

TRAHERNE

[*To the others.*] You see, I was right.

CRESPIN

You have a wireless expert here then?

RAJA

Watkins,— that invaluable fellow — he is my operator.

TRAHERNE

And with whom do you communicate?

RAJA

Do you think that quite a fair question, Doctor? Does it show your usual tact? I have my agents—I can say no more. [*Pause.*] Shall I ring for the ayah, Madam, to see you to your room?

LUCILLA

If you please. [*As he has his finger on the bell, she says*] No; stay a moment. [*Rises and advances towards him.*] Prince, I have two children. If it weren't for them, don't imagine that any of us would beg a favour at your hands. But for their sakes won't you instruct your agent to communicate with Simla and try to bring about an exchange—your brothers' lives for ours?

RAJA

I am sorry, Madam, but I have already told you why that is impossible. Even if your Government agreed, it would assuredly take revenge on me for having extorted such a concession. No whisper of your presence here must ever reach India, or — again forgive the vulgarity — my goose is cooked.

LUCILLA

The thought of my children does not move you?

RAJA

My brothers have children — does the thought of them move the Government of India? No, Madam, I am desolated to have to refuse you, but you must not ask for the impossible. [*He presses the bell.*]

LUCILLA

Does it not strike you that, if you drive us to desperation, we may find means of cheating your Goddess? What is to prevent me, for instance, from throwing myself from that loggia?

RAJA

Nothing, dear lady, except that clinging to the known, and shrinking from the unknown, that all of us feel, even while we despise it. Besides, it would be foolishly precipitate, in every sense of the word. While there is life there is hope. You can't read my mind. For aught you can tell, I may have no intention of proceeding to extremities, and may only be playing a little joke upon you. I hope you have observed that I have a sense of humour. [*The AYA enters.*] Ah, here is the ayah. Good night, Madam; sleep well. [*Bows her to the door. Exit LUCILLA with AYA.*] Gentlemen, a whiskey and soda. No? Then good night, good night. [*Exeunt CRESPIN and TRAHERNE.*]

[*The RAJA takes from the table a powerful electric torch, and switches it on. Then he switches off the lights of the room, which is totally dark except for the now moonlit background. He goes up to the idol on the mantelpiece, throws the light of the torch upon it, and makes it an ironic salaam. Then he lights himself towards the door, left, as*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT THIRD

The RAJA'S Snuggery. An entirely European and modern room; its comfort contrasting with the old-fashioned, comfortless splendour of the scene of Act II.

A door in front, left, opens on the billiard-room; another, a little further back, leads to the rest of the palace. A large and solid folding door in the back wall, centre. To the right, a large open window with a shallow balcony, which has the effect of being at a great height, and commands a view across the valley to the snow peaks beyond.

On the right, near the window, a handsome pedestal writing table, with a large and heavy swivel chair behind it. Silver fittings on the table, all in perfect order. Close to the nearer end of the writing table, a revolving bookcase, containing the Encyclopædia Britannica and other books of reference. On the top of it a tantalus with a syphon and glasses. Close up to the writing table, and about of equal length, a deeply upholstered green leather sofa. Further over towards the left, a small table with smoking appliances. On each side of the table a comfortable green leather arm-chair. No small chairs. Low bookcases, filled with serious-looking modern books, against the walls, wherever there is space for them. On the top of one of the bookcases a large bronze bust of Napoleon. A black and white portrait of Nietzsche on the wall, along with some sporting prints.

CRESPIN *discovered alone, wandering around the room, nervous and irritable. He tries the door at back; it is locked. Opens the door down left, and closes it, muttering "Billiards, begad!" Crosses to the writing table, examines the articles upon it, and picks up a paper which proves to be "La Vie Parisienne." He throws it down with the comment, "French muck!" Notices a paper on the couch, picks it up and says with disgust, "Russian." Then he comes down to the revolving bookcase, glances at the books and spins it angrily. After a moment's hesitation, he pours some whiskey into a tumbler and fills it from the syphon. Is on the point of drinking, but hesitates, then says, "No!" Goes to the balcony and throws out the contents of the glass. As he is setting the glass down, TRAHERNE enters, second door left, ushered in by a SOLDIER, who salutes and exit.*

CRESPIN

There! You think you've caught me!

TRAHERNE

Caught you?

CRESPIN

Lushing. But I haven't been. I threw the stuff out of the window. For Lucilla's sake, I must keep all my wits about me.

TRAHERNE

Yes, if we can all do that, we may pull through yet.

CRESPIN

Did you sleep?

TRAHERNE

Not a wink. And you?

CRESPIN

Dozed and woke again fifteen times in a minute. A hellish night.

TRAHERNE

Have you news of Mrs. Crespin?

CRESPIN

She sent me this chit. [*Hands him a scrap of paper.*]

TRAHERNE

[*Reads.*] "Have slept and am feeling better. Keep the flag flying." What pluck she has!

CRESPIN

Yes, she's game — always was.

TRAHERNE

She reminds me of the women in the French Revolution. We might all be in the Conciergerie, waiting to hear the tumbrils.

CRESPIN

It would be more endurable if we were in prison. It's this appearance of freedom — the scoundrel's damned airs of politeness and hospitality — that makes the thing such a nightmare. [*Mechanically mixing himself a whiskey and soda.*] Do you believe we're really awake, Traherne? If I were alone, I'd think the whole thing was a blasted nightmare; but Lucilla and you seem to be dreaming it too. [*Raising the glass to his lips, he remembers and puts it down again, saying:*] Damn!

TRAHERNE

Some day we may look back upon it as on a bad dream.

CRESPIN

He does you well, curse him! They served me a most dainty *chota hazri* this morning, and with it a glass of rare old *fine champagne*.

TRAHERNE

[*Pointing to the door, down left.*] Where does that door lead?

CRESPIN

To a billiard-room. Billiards! Ha, ha!

TRAHERNE

[*At door, centre.*] And this one?

CRESPIN

I don't know. It's locked — and a very solid door, too.

TRAHERNE

Do you know what I think?

CRESPIN

Yes, and I agree with you.

TRAHERNE

Opening off the fellow's own sanctum —

CRESPIN

It's probably the wireless room. [*They exchange significant glances.*]

TRAHERNE

[*Indicating the window.*] And what's out here?

CRESPIN

Take a look.

TRAHERNE

[*Looking over.*] A sheer drop of a hundred feet.

CRESPIN

And a dry torrent below. How if we were to pick up our host, Traherne, and gently drop him on those razor-edged rocks?

TRAHERNE

[*Shrugs his shoulders.*] As he said last night, they'd only tear us to pieces the quicker.

CRESPIN

If it weren't for Lucilla, I'm damned if I wouldn't do it all the same.

[*The RAJA enters, second door left, dressed in spick-and-span up-to-date riding attire. He crosses to the writing table.*]

RAJA

Good morning, Major; good morning, Doctor. How do you like my snugger? I hope you have slept well? [*They make no answer.*] No? Ah, perhaps you find this altitude trying? Never mind. We have methods of dealing with insomnia.

CRESPIN

Come now, Raja, a joke's a joke, but this cat-and-mouse business gets on one's nerves. Make arrangements to send us back to the nearest British outpost, and we'll give you our Bible oath to say nothing about the — pleasantries you've played on us.

RAJA

Send you back, my dear Major? I assure you, if I were ever so willing, it would be as much as my place is worth. You don't know how my faithful subjects are looking forward to tomorrow's ceremony. If I tried to

cancel it, there would be a revolution. You must be reasonable, my dear sir.

CRESPIN

Do you think we would truckle to you, damn you, if it weren't for my wife's sake? But for her we'll make any concession — promise you anything.

RAJA

What can you promise that is worth a brass farthing to me? [*With sudden ferocity.*] No. Asia has a long score against you swaggering, blustering, whey-faced lords of creation, and, by all the gods! I mean to see some of it paid tomorrow! [*Resuming his suave manner.*] But in the meantime there is no reason why we shouldn't behave like civilized beings. How would you like to pass the morning? I'm sorry I can't offer you any shooting. I mustn't lead you into temptation. What do you say to billiards? It soothes the nerves. [*Opening the door.*] Here is the billiard-room. I have a little business to attend to, but I'll join you presently.

CRESPIN

Of all the infernal purring devils —!

RAJA

Dignity, Major, dignity!

[TRAHERNE *interposes and shepherds the MAJOR off. The click of billiard-balls is presently heard. The RAJA seats himself at the writing table and presses a bell. Then he takes up a pad of paper and pencil, and taps his teeth, cogitating what to write. In a few moments WATKINS enters.*]

WATKINS

Your Highness rang?

RAJA

Come in, Watkins. Just close the billiard-room door, will you? [WATKINS *looks into the billiard-room and then closes the door.*]

WATKINS

They're good pluck'd uns, sir; I will say that.

RAJA

Yes, there's some satisfaction in handling them. I'm glad they're not abject — it would quite spoil the sport.

WATKINS

Quite so, sir.

RAJA

But it has occurred to me, Watkins, that perhaps it's not quite safe to have them so near the wireless room. Their one chance would be to get into communication with India. They appeared last night to know nothing about the wireless, but I have my doubts. Tell me, Watkins — have they made any attempt to bribe you?

WATKINS

Not yet, sir.

RAJA

Ha, that looks bad. It looks as if they had something else up their sleeves, and were leaving bribery to the last resort. I want to test their ignorance of wireless. I want you, in their presence, to send out some message that is bound to startle or enrage them, and see if they show any sign of understanding it.

WATKINS

[*Grinning.*] That's a notion, sir.

RAJA

But I can't think of a message.

[*The AYAH opens the second door, left, ushers in LUCILLA, and exit. LUCILLA has resumed her travelling dress. The RAJA has been examining the lock of the wireless room, and is thus partly concealed by the entrance door as it opens, so that LUCILLA is well into the room before she observes him. He comes forward.*]

RAJA

Ah, Mrs. Crespin, I was just thinking of you. Think of angels and you hear their wings. Won't you sit down?

LUCILLA

[*Ignoring his invitation.*] I thought my husband was here.

RAJA

He's not far off. [*To WATKINS, pointing to the centre door.*] Just wait in there for a few minutes; I may have instructions for you.

[*WATKINS produces a key-ring, selects a key, unlocks the door of the wireless-room, and goes in, closing the door behind him.*]

RAJA

[*To LUCILLA, who has stood motionless.*] Do, pray, sit down. I want so much to have a chat with you. [*LUCILLA seats herself, in silence.*] I hope you had everything you required?

LUCILLA

Everything.

RAJA

The ayah?

LUCILLA

Was most attentive.

RAJA

And you slept —?

LUCILLA

More or less.

RAJA

More rather than less, if one may judge by your looks.

LUCILLA

Does it matter?

RAJA

What can matter more than the looks of a beautiful woman?

LUCILLA

[*Listening.*] What's that?

RAJA

The click of billiard-balls. Your husband and Dr. Traherne are passing the time.

LUCILLA

[*Rising.*] If you'll excuse me, I'll join them.

RAJA

Oh, pray spare me a few moments. I want to speak to you seriously.

LUCILLA

[*Sitting down again.*] Well — I am listening.

RAJA

You are very curt, Mrs. Crespin. I'm afraid you bear me malice,— you hold me responsible for the doubtless trying situation in which you find yourself.

LUCILLA

Who else is responsible?

RAJA

Who? Why chance, fate, the gods, Providence — whoever, or whatever, pulls the strings of this unaccountable puppet-show. Did *I* bring you here? Did *I* conjure up the fog? Could *I* have prevented your dropping from the skies? And when once you had set foot in the Goddess's precinct, it was utterly out of my power to save you — at any rate the men of your party. If I raised a finger to thwart the Goddess, it would be the end of my rule — perhaps of my life.

LUCILLA

You know that is not true. You could easily smuggle us away, and then face the people out. What about your troops?

RAJA

A handful, dear lady — a toy army. It amuses me to play at soldiers. They could do nothing against priests and people, even if they were to be depended upon. And they, too, worship the Goddess.

LUCILLA

What you really mean, Raja, is that you dare not risk it — you haven't the courage.

RAJA

You take a mean advantage, Madam. You abuse the privilege of your sex in order to taunt me with cowardice.

LUCILLA

Let us say, then, that you haven't the will to save us.

RAJA

Reflect one moment, Madam — why should I have the will, at the risk of all I possess, to save Major Crespín and Dr. Traherne? Major Crespín is your husband — does that recommend him to me? Forgive me if I venture to guess that it doesn't greatly recommend him to you. He is an only too typical specimen of a breed I detest: pigheaded, bullnecked, blustering, overbearing. Dr. Traherne is an agreeable man enough — I daresay a man of genius —

LUCILLA

If you kill him — if you cut short his work — you kill millions of your own race, whom he would have saved.

RAJA

I don't know that I care very much about the millions you speak of. Life is a weed that grows again as fast as death mows it down. At all events, he is an Englishman, a Feringhi — and, may I add, without indiscretion, that the interest you take in him — oh, the merest friendly interest, I am sure — does not endear him to me. One is, after all, a man, and the favour shown to another man by a beautiful woman — [LUCILLA rises and moves toward the billiard-room. The RAJA interposes.] Please, please, Mrs. Crespín, bear with me if I transgress your Western conventions. Can I help being an Oriental? Believe me, I mean no harm; I wanted to talk to you about —

LUCILLA

Well?

RAJA

You spoke last night of — your children. [LUCILLA turns away, her self-control wavering.] I think you said — a boy and a little girl.

— —

LUCILLA

[*Throws herself down on the couch in a fit of weeping.*] My babies, my babies!

RAJA

I feel for you, Mrs. Crespin, I do indeed. I would do anything —

LUCILLA

[*Looking up, vehemently.*] Prince, if I write them a letter of farewell, will you give me your word of honour that it shall reach them?

RAJA

Ah, there, Madam, you must pardon me! I have already said that the last thing I desire is to attract the attention of the Government of India.

LUCILLA

I will say nothing to show where I am, or what has befallen me. You shall read it yourself.

RAJA

An ingenious idea! You would have it come fluttering down out of the blue upon your children's heads, like a message from a Mahatma. But, the strength of my position, you see, is that no one will ever know what has become of you. You will simply disappear in the uncharted sea of the Himalayas, as a ship sinks with all hands in the ocean. If I permitted any word from you to reach India, the detective instinct, so deeply implanted in your race, would be awakened, and the Himalayas would be combed out with a tooth-comb. No, Madam, I cannot risk it.

LUCILLA

[*Her calm recovered.*] Cannot? You dare not!

But you can and dare kill defenceless men and women.
Raja, you are a pitiful coward.

RAJA

Forgive me if I smile at your tactics. You want to goad me into chivalry. If every man were a coward who took life without risking his own, where would your British sportsmen be?

LUCILLA

I beg your pardon — a savage is not necessarily a coward. And now let me go to my husband.

RAJA

Not yet, Mrs. Crespiñ — one more word. You are a brave woman, and I sincerely admire you —

LUCILLA

Please — please —

RAJA

Listen to me. It will be worth your while. I could not undertake to send a letter to your children — but it would be very easy for me to have them carried off and brought to you here.

LUCILLA

[Starts, and faces him.] What do you mean?

RAJA

I mean that, in less than a month, you may have your children in your arms, uninjured, unsuspecting, happy — if —

LUCILLA

If?

RAJA

If — oh, in your own time, of your own free will —

you will accept the homage it would be my privilege to offer you.

LUCILLA

That!

RAJA

You have the courage to die, dear lady — why not have the courage to live?

[*Pause.*]

You believe, I daresay, that tomorrow, when the ordeal is over, you will awaken in a new life, and that there your children will rejoin you. Suppose it were so: suppose that in forty — fifty — sixty years, they passed over to you: would they be your children? Can God Himself give you back their childhood? What I offer you is a new life, not problematical, but assured; a new life, without passing through the shadow of death; a future utterly cut off from the past, except that your children will be with you, not as vague shades, but living and loving. They must be quite young; they would soon forget all that had gone before. They would grow to manhood and womanhood under your eyes; and ultimately, perhaps, when the whole story was forgotten, you might, if you wished it, return with them to what you call civilization.

And meanwhile, you are only on the threshold of the best years of your life. You would pass them, not as a memsahib in a paltry Indian cantonment, but as the absolute queen of an absolute king. I do not talk to you of romantic love. I respect you too much to think you accessible to silly sentiment. But that is just it: I respect as much as I admire you; and I have never pretended to respect any other woman. Therefore I say you should be my first and only Queen. Your son,

if you gave me one, should be the prince of princes; my other sons should all bow down to him and serve him. For, though I hate the arrogance of Europe, I believe that from a blending of the flower of the East with the flower of the West, the man of the future — the Superman — may be born.

[LUCILLA has sat motionless through all this speech, her elbows on the end of the couch, twisting her handkerchief in her hands and gazing straight in front of her. There is now a perceptible pause before she speaks in a toneless voice.]

LUCILLA

Is that all? Have you quite done?

RAJA

I beg you to answer.

LUCILLA

I can't answer the greater part of what you have been saying, for I have not heard it; at least I have not understood it. All I have heard is "In less than a month you may have your children in your arms," and then again, "Can God Himself give you back their childhood?" These words have kept hammering at my brain till — [*Showing her handkerchief.*] you see — I have bit my lip to keep from shrieking aloud. I think the devil must have put them in your mouth —

RAJA

Pooh! You don't believe in these old bugbears.

LUCILLA

Perhaps not. But there is such a thing as diabolical temptation, and you have stumbled upon the secret of it.

RAJA

Stumbled!

LUCILLA

Mastered the art of it, if you like — but not in your long harangue. All I can think of is, “Can God Himself give you back their childhood?” and “In a month you may have them in your arms.”

RAJA

[*Eagerly.*] Yes, yes — think of that. In three or four weeks you may have your little ones —

LUCILLA

[*Rising and interrupting him vehemently.*] Yes — but on what conditions? That I should desert my husband and my friend — should let them go alone to their death — should cower in some back room of this murderous house of yours, listening to the ticking of the clock, and thinking, “Now — now — the stroke has fallen” — stopping my ears so as not to hear the yells of your bloodthirsty savages — and yet, perhaps, hearing nothing else to my dying day. No, prince! — you said something about not passing through the shadow of death; but if I did this I should not pass through it, but live in it, and bring my children into it as well. What would be the good of having them in my arms if I could not look them in the face? [*She passes to the billiard-room door.*]

RAJA

That is your answer?

LUCILLA

The only possible answer. [*She enters the billiard-room and closes the door.*]

RAJA

[*Looking after her, to himself:*] But not the last word, my lady!

[*He sits at the writing table, and begins to write, at the same time calling, not very loudly, "WATKINS!" The valet immediately appears, centre.*]

WATKINS

Yessir?

RAJA

[*Tearing a sheet off the pad and handing it to him.*] Read that.

WATKINS

A message to be sent out, sir?

RAJA

Yes.

WATKINS

[*Reading.*] "The lady has come to terms. She will enter His Highness's household." Quite so, sir. What suite will she occupy?

RAJA

My innocent Watkins! Do you think it's true? What have I to do with a stuck-up Englishwoman? It's only a bait for the Feringhis. You shall send it out in their hearing, and if either of them can read the Morse code, the devil's in it if he doesn't give himself away.

WATKINS

Beg pardon, sir; I didn't quite catch on.

RAJA

If they move an eyelash I'll take care they never see the inside of this room again.

WATKINS

Am I to send this to India, sir?

RAJA

To anywhere or nowhere. Reduce the current, so that no one can pick it up. So long as it's heard in this room, that's all I want.

WATKINS

But when am I to send it, sir?

RAJA

Listen. I'll get them in here on the pretext of a little wireless demonstration, and then I'll tell you to send out an order to Tashkent for champagne. That'll be your cue. Go ahead — and send slowly.

WATKINS

Shall I ask you whether I'm to code it, sir?

RAJA

You may as well. It'll give artistic finish to the thing.

WATKINS

Very good, Your 'Ighness. But afterwards,— if, as you was saying, they was to try to corrupt me, sir —

RAJA

Corrupt y o u ? That would be painting the lily with a vengeance.

WATKINS

[*With a touch of annoyance.*] Suppose they tries to get at me, sir — what are your instructions?

RAJA

How do you mean?

WATKINS

Shall I let on to take the bait?

RAJA

You may do exactly as you please. I have the most implicit confidence in you, Watkins.

WATKINS

You are very good, sir.

RAJA

I know that anything they can offer you would have to be paid either in England or in India, and that you daren't show your nose in either country. You have a very comfortable job here —

WATKINS

My grateful thanks to you, sir.

RAJA

And you don't want to give the hangman a job, either in Lahore or in London.

WATKINS

The case in a nutshell, sir. But I thought if I was to pretend to send a message for them, it might keep them quiet-like.

RAJA

Very true, Watkins. It would not only keep them quiet, but the illusion of security would raise their spirits, which would be a humane action. I am always on the side of humanity.

WATKINS

Just so, sir. Then I'll humour them.

RAJA

Yes, if they want you to send a message. If they try to "get at," not only you, but the instrument, call the guard and let me know at once.

WATKINS

Certainly, sir.

RAJA

Now open the door and stand by. You have the message?

WATKINS

[*Producing the slip from his pocket, reads:*] "The lady has come to terms. She—"

RAJA

[*Interrupting.*] Yes, that's right. [*As WATKINS is opening the door.*] Oh, look here—when you've finished, you'd better lock the door, and say, "Any orders, sir?" If I say "No orders, Watkins," it'll mean I'm satisfied they don't understand. If I think they do understand, I'll give you what orders I think necessary.

WATKINS

Very good, sir.

[*He opens the folding doors wide, revealing a small room, in which is a wireless installation.*]

RAJA

[*At billiard-room door.*] Oh, Major, you were saying you had no experience of wireless. If you've finished your game, it might amuse you to see it at work. Watkins is just going to send out a message. Would Mrs. Crespin care to come?

CRESPIN

[*At door.*] Yes — why not? Will you come, Lucilla?

[*CRESPIN enters, followed by LUCILLA and TRAHERNE. The RAJA eyes them closely so that they have no opportunity to make any sign to each other.*]

RAJA

This, you see, is the apparatus. All ready, Watkins? [*To the others:*] Won't you sit down? [*To WATKINS:*] You have the order for Tashkent?

WATKINS

[*Producing paper.*] Yes, Your 'Ighness; but I haven't coded it.

RAJA

Oh, never mind; send it in clear. Even if some outsider does pick it up, I daresay we can order three cases of champagne without causing international complications.

[*CRESPIN and TRAHERNE sit in the arm-chairs, left. LUCILLA is about to sit on the couch, but seeing the RAJA make a move to sit beside her, she passes behind the writing table and sits in the swivel chair. The RAJA sits on the sofa. WATKINS begins to transmit,— pauses.*]

RAJA

He's waiting for the reply signal.

[*A pause.*]

CRESPIN

May I take one of your excellent cigars, Raja?

RAJA

By all means.

[CRESPIN *lights a cigar.*]

WATKINS

I've got them. [*Proceeds to send the message: "The lady has come to terms," etc.*]

CRESPIN

[*A moment after the transmission has begun, says in a low voice to the RAJA:*] May we speak?

RAJA

Oh, yes — you won't be heard in Tashkent.

CRESPIN

[*Holding out his cigarette case.*] Have a cigarette, Traherne.

TRAHERNE

Thanks. [*He takes a cigarette. CRESPIN strikes a match and lights the cigarette, saying meanwhile:*]

CRESPIN

Let us smoke and drink, for tomorrow we — [*Blows out the match.*]

[*Silence until the transmission ends.*]

RAJA

That's how it's done!

TRAHERNE

How many words did he send?

RAJA

What was it, Watkins? "Forward by tomorrow's caravan twelve cases champagne. Usual brand. Charge our account"; was that it?

WATKINS

That's right, sir.

RAJA

Twelve words.

CRESPIN

And can they really make sense out of these fireworks?

RAJA

I hope so — else we shall run short of champagne.

WATKINS

[*Locking the folding door.*] Any orders, Your 'Ighness?

RAJA

No orders, Watkins.

[*As he is going out, WATKINS meets at the door a SOLDIER, who says a few words to him.*]

WATKINS

[*Turning.*] The 'Igh Priest is waiting to see Your 'Ighness.

RAJA

Oh, show him in.

[*WATKINS ushers in the HIGH PRIEST OF THE GODDESS, and then exit. The HIGH PRIEST's personality is unmistakably sinister. The RAJA, after a word of greeting, turns to the others.*]

RAJA

I mentioned my Archbishop of York. This is he. Allow me to introduce you. Your Grace, Mrs. Crespin — Major Crespin — Dr. Traherne.

[*The PRIEST, understanding the situation, makes a sort of contemptuous salaam.*]

The Archbishop's manners are not good. You will excuse him. He regards you, I regret to say, as unclean creatures, whose very presence means pollution. He would be a mine of information for an anthropologist.

[He exchanges a few words with the PRIEST, and turns again to his guests.]

His Grace reminds me of some arrangements for to-morrow's ceremony, which, as Archbishop of Canterbury, I must attend to in person. You will excuse me for half an hour? Pray make yourselves at home. Tiffin at half past twelve.

[He speaks a few words to the PRIEST, who replies in a sort of growl.]

His Grace says *au revoir* — and so do I.

[Exit, followed by the PRIEST. Both TRAHERNE and LUCILLA are about to speak. CRESPIAN motions them to be cautious. He goes to the billiard-room, opens the door, looks around and closes it again. LUCILLA examines the balcony. TRAHERNE slips up to the centre door and noiselessly tests it.]

TRAHERNE

[To CRESPIAN.] What was the message?

CRESPIAN

It said that the lady had accepted her life — on his terms.

TRAHERNE

Oh! — a trap for us.

CRESPIAN

Yes. A put-up job.

LUCILLA

You gave no sign, Antony. I think he must have been reassured.

TRAHERNE

Evidently; or he wouldn't have left us here.

CRESPIN

What to do now?

TRAHERNE

Can we break open the door?

CRESPIN

No good. It would make a noise. We'd be interrupted, and then it would be all up.

TRAHERNE

Well, then, the next step is to try to bribe Watkins.

CRESPIN

I don't believe it's a bit of good.

TRAHERNE

Nor I. The fellow's a thorough-paced scoundrel. But we might succeed, and if we don't even try they'll suspect that we're plotting something else. If we can convince them that we're at our wits' end, we've the better chance of taking them off their guard.

LUCILLA

Yes — you see that, Antony?

CRESPIN

Perhaps you're right. But, even if the damned scoundrel can be bought, what good is it if I can't remember the wave-length and the call for Amil-Serai?

LUCILLA

You'll think of it all of a sudden.

CRESPIN

Not if I keep racking my brains for it. If I could get my mind off it, the damned thing might come back to me.

TRAHERNE

All the more reason for action. But first, we must settle what message to send if we get the chance.

LUCILLA

[*Sits at writing-table.*] Dictate — I'll write.

TRAHERNE

What about this? "Major Crespín, wife, Traherne imprisoned, Rukh, Raja's palace, lives in danger."

[*LUCILLA writes on an envelope which she takes from the paper-case.*]

CRESPIN

We want something more definite.

LUCILLA

How would this do? "Death threatened tomorrow evening. Rescue urgent."

TRAHERNE

Excellent.

[*LUCILLA finishes the message, and hands it to CRESPIÑ.*]

CRESPIN

[*Reads.*] "Major Crespín, wife, Traherne, imprisoned, Rukh, Raja's palace. Death threatened tomorrow evening. Rescue urgent." [*Takes the paper.*] Right. I'll keep it ready.

TRAHERNE

Now, how to get hold of Watkins?

LUCILLA

[*At the table.*] There's a bell here. Shall I try it?

TRAHERNE

Hold on a moment. We have to decide what to do if he won't take money, and we have to use force in order to get his keys.

CRESPIN

[*Looking around.*] There's nothing here to knock him on the head with — not even a chair you can lift —

TRAHERNE

Not a curtain cord to truss him up with —

LUCILLA

The first thing would be to gag him, wouldn't it?
[*Takes off her scarf.*] Would this do for that?

TRAHERNE

Capital! [*Takes the scarf, ties a knot in it, and places it on the upper end of the sofa.*]

CRESPIN

What about a billiard cue?

TRAHERNE

If he saw it around he'd smell a rat.

CRESPIN

Then there's only one thing —

TRAHERNE

What? [CRESPIN *points to the balcony, and makes a significant gesture.*]

LUCILLA

Oh! [*Shrinks away from the window.*]

TRAHERNE

I'm afraid it can't be helped. There's a drop of a good hundred feet.

CRESPIN

None too much for him.

TRAHERNE

When he locked that door he put the key in his trousers pocket. We must remember to get it before —

LUCILLA

But if you kill him and still don't remember the call, we shall be no better off than we are now.

TRAHERNE

We shall be no worse off.

CRESPIN

Better, by Jove! For if I can get three minutes at that instrument, the Raja can't tell whether we have communicated or not. [*He takes up the glass of whiskey-and-soda which he has poured out before.*]

LUCILLA

Oh, Antony!

CRESPIN

Don't be a fool, Lu. [*Gulps down the drink, and says as he pours out more whiskey:*] It's because I'm so unnaturally sober that my brain won't work. [*Drinks the whiskey raw.*] Now ring that bell. [*LUCILLA does so.*] You do the talking, Traherne. The fellow's damned insolence gets on my nerves.

TRAHERNE

All right. [*Sits at the writing table.*]

CRESPIN

Look out —

[*Enter WATKINS, second door, left.*]

WATKINS

You rang, sir? [*Standing by the door.*]

TRAHERNE

Yes, Watkins, we want a few words with you. Do you mind coming over here? We don't want to speak loud.

WATKINS

There's no one understands English, sir.

TRAHERNE

Please oblige me, all the same.

WATKINS

[*Coming forward.*] Now, sir!

TRAHERNE

I daresay you can guess what we want with you.

WATKINS

I'm no 'and at guessin', sir. I'd rather you'd put it plain.

TRAHERNE

Well, you know that we've fallen into the hands of bloodthirsty savages? You know what is proposed for tomorrow?

WATKINS

I've 'eard as your numbers is up.

TRAHERNE

You surely don't intend to stand by and see us murdered — three of your own people, and one of them a lady?

WATKINS

My own people, is it? And a lady—!

LUCILLA

A woman, then, Watkins.

WATKINS

What has my own people ever done for me—or women either—that I should lose a cushy job and risk my neck for the sake of the three of you? I wouldn't do it for all your bloomin' England, I tell you straight.

CRESPIN

It's no good, Traherne. Come down to tin tacks.

TRAHERNE

Only a sighting shot, Major. It was just possible we might have misread our man.

WATKINS

You did if you took 'im for a V. C. 'ero wot 'ud lay down his life for England, 'ome and beauty. The first thing England ever done for me was to 'ave me sent to a reformatory for pinching a silver rattle off of a young haristocrat in a p'rambulator. That, and the likes of that, is wot I've got to thank England for. And why did I do it? Because my mother would have bashed my face in if I'd have come back empty-handed. That's wot 'ome and beauty has meant for me. W'y should I care more for a woman being scragged than what I do for a man?

TRAHERNE

Ah, yes, I quite see your point of view. But the question now is: What'll you t a k e to get us out of this?

WATKINS

Get you out of this! If you was to offer me millions,
'ow could I do that?

TRAHERNE

By going into that room and sending this message
through to the Amil-Serai aerodrome.

[CRESPIN *hands* WATKINS *the message. He*
reads it through and places it on the table.]

WATKINS

So that's the game, is it?

TRAHERNE

That, as you say, is the game.

WATKINS

You know what you're riskin'?

TRAHERNE

What do you mean?

WATKINS

W'y, if the Guv'nor suspected as you'd got a word
through to India, ten to one he'd wipe you off the slate
like that [*snapping his fingers*] without waiting for to-
morrow.

CRESPIN

That makes no difference. We've got to face it.

TRAHERNE

Come now! On your own showing, Mr. Watkins,
loyalty to your master oughtn't to stand in your way. I
don't suppose gratitude is one of your weaknesses.

WATKINS

Gratitude! To 'im? What for? I'm not badly off

here, to be sure, but it's nothing to wot I does for 'im; and I 'ate 'im for 'is funny little ways. D'you think I don't see that he's always pulling my leg?

TRAHERNE

Well, then, you won't mind selling him. We've only to settle the price.

WATKINS

That's all very fine, sir; but what price 'ave you gents to offer?

TRAHERNE

Nothing down — no spot cash — that's clear. You'll have to take our word for whatever bargain we come to.

WATKINS

Your word! How do I know —?

TRAHERNE

Oh, our written word. We'll give it to you in writing.

WATKINS

[*After thinking for a moment.*] If I was to 'elp you out, there must be no more fairy-tales about any of you 'avin' seen me in India.

TRAHERNE

All right. We accept your assurance that you never were there.

WATKINS

And see here, Dr. Traherne — you know very well I couldn't stay here after I'd helped you to escape — leastways, if I stayed, it'd be in my grave. You'll 'ave to take me with you — and for that I can only have your word. Supposing you could get the message through, and the English was to come, no writing could bind you if you chose to leave me in the lurch.

TRAHERNE

Quite true. I'm afraid you'll have to trust us for that. But I give you my word of honor that we would be as careful of your safety as if you were one of ourselves. I suppose you know that, strange as you may think it, there are people in the world that would rather die than break a solemn promise.

CRESPIN

Even to a hound like you, Watkins.

WATKINS

I advise you to keep a civil tongue in yer 'ead, Major. Don't forget that I 'ave you in the 'ollow of my 'and.

TRAHERNE

True, Watkins; and the hollow of your hand is a very disagreeable place to be in. That's why we're willing to pay well to get out of it. Come, now, what shall we say?

WATKINS

Well, what about a little first instalment? You ain't quite on your uppers, are you, now? You could come down with something, be it ever so humble?

TRAHERNE

[*Examining his pocket-book.*] I have 300 rupees and five ten-pound notes. [*Places the money on the table.*]

WATKINS

And you, Major?

CRESPIN

Two hundred and fifty rupees. [*Crosses and lays the notes on the table.*] Oh, and some loose change.

WATKINS

[*Nobly.*] Oh, never mind the chicken-feed! And the lady?

LUCILLA

I gave my last rupee to your wife, Watkins.

WATKINS

Well, that's about £120 to go on with.

TRAHERNE

[*Placing his hand on the heap of notes.*] There. That's your first instalment. Now what about the balance? Shall we say £1000 apiece?

WATKINS

A thousand apiece! Three thousand pounds! You're joking, Dr. Traherne! Wot would £3000 be to me in England? W'y, I'd 'ave to take to valetting again. No, no, sir! If I'm to do this job, I must 'ave enough to make a gentleman of me.

[*CRISPIN, TRAHERNE and LUCILLA burst out laughing.*]

WATKINS

Well, you are the queerest lot as ever I come across. Your lives is 'anging by a 'air, and yet you can larf!

LUCILLA

[*Hysterically.*] It's your own fault, Watkins. Why will you be so funny? [*Her laughter turns to tears and she buries her face in the end of the couch, shaken with sobs.*]

TRAHERNE

I'm afraid what you ask is beyond our means, Watkins. But I double my bid — two thousand apiece.

WATKINS

You'll 'ave to double it again, sir, and a little more. You write me out an I. O. U. for fifteen thousand pounds, and I'll see wot can be done.

CRESPIN

Well, you a r e the most consummate —

WATKINS

If your lives ain't worth five thousand apiece to you, there's nothing doing. For my place here is worth fifteen thousand to me. And there's all the risk, too — I'm not charging you nothing for that.

TRAHERNE

We appreciate your generosity, Watkins. Fifteen thousand be it!

WATKINS

Now you're talking.

[TRAHERNE rapidly writes and signs the I. O. U. and hands it to WATKINS.]

WATKINS

That's right, sir; but the Major must sign it, too.

CRESPIN

[Crosses to the table, on which WATKINS places the paper, writes, throws down the pen.] There you are, damn you!

TRAHERNE

Now get to work quick, and call up Amil-Serai.

WATKINS

Right you are, sir. [Picks up the envelope and begins, in a leisurely way, unlocking the centre door.]

CRESPIN

Isn't there some special call you must send out to get Amil-Serai?

WATKINS

Oh, yes, sir, I know it.

[WATKINS takes his seat at the instrument, with his back to the snugery, and begins to work it.]

CRESPIN

[*Whispers.*] That's not a service call.

[*A pause.*]

WATKINS

Right! Got them, sir. Now the message.

CRESPIN

[*As WATKINS works the key, CRESPIN spells out:*]
 "The — white — goats — are — ready — for —" [To
 TRAHERNE.] No, but the black sheep is! Come on!

[CRESPIN tiptoes up toward WATKINS followed by TRAHERNE. As he passes the upper end of the sofa CRESPIN picks up LUCILLA's scarf and hands it to TRAHERNE, meantime producing his own handkerchief. LUCILLA rises, her hand pressed to her mouth. The men steal up close behind WATKINS. Suddenly TRAHERNE jams the gag in WATKINS's mouth, and ties the ends of the scarf. WATKINS attempts a cry, but it trails off into a gurgle. CRESPIN meantime grips WATKINS's arms behind, and ties the wrists with his handkerchief. TRAHERNE makes fast the gag, and the two lift him, struggling, and carry him towards the window. WATKINS's head falls back, and his terror-stricken eyes can be seen over the swathing gag. They rest him for a moment on the balustrade.]

TRAHERNE

Must we —?

CRESPIN

Nothing else for it — one, two, three! [*They heave him over. LUCILLA, who has been watching, petrified, gives a gasping cry.*]

CRESPIN

At least we haven't taken it lying down! [*He pours out some whiskey and is about to drink when he pauses, puts down the glass, and then cries in great excitement:*] Hold on! Don't speak! [*A Pause.*] I have it! [*Another pause.*] Yes, by God, I have it! I've remembered the call! Can you lock that door?

LUCILLA

[*At second door, left.*] No key this side!

TRAHERNE

[*Whispering, and running to the door.*] Don't open it. There are soldiers in the passage. I'll hold it. [*He stations himself before the door. CRESPIN rushes to the instrument and rapidly examines it.*]

CRESPIN

The scoundrel had reduced the current. [*Makes an adjustment with feverish haste.*] Now the wave length! [*More adjustment. He begins to transmit. A pause.*]

TRAHERNE

Do you get any answer?

CRESPIN

No, no; I don't expect any — I'm sure they haven't the power. But it's an even chance that I get them all the

same. [*He goes on transmitting hurriedly while TRAHERNE and LUCILLA stand breathless, TRAHERNE with his shoulder to the door.*]

TRAHERNE

Some one's coming up the passage! Go on! Go on!
I'll hold the door.

[*Another slight pause, while CRESPIN transmits feverishly. Suddenly TRAHERNE braces himself against the door, gripping the handle. After a moment, there is a word of command outside, the sound of shoulders heaved against the door, and it is gradually pushed open by three guards. TRAHERNE is shoved back by its motion.*]

[*The RAJA enters, rushes forward and grasps the situation.*]

RAJA

Ah! When the cat's away —

[*He whips out a revolver and fires.*]

CRESPIN

Got me, by God!

[*He falls forward over the instrument, but immediately recovers himself, and rapidly unmakes the adjustments. LUCILLA and TRAHERNE catch him as he staggers back from the instrument, and lay him on the couch.*]

TRAHERNE

[*Kneeling and supporting him.*] Brandy!

[*LUCILLA gets the glass. They put it to his lips.*]

[*The RAJA meanwhile goes to the wireless table, sees the draft message and reads it.*]

RAJA

[*Holding out the paper.*] How much of this did you get through?

CRESPIN

[*Raising himself a little.*] Damn you — none!
[*Falls back dead.*]

LUCILLA

[*Crying out.*] Antony!

RAJA

All over, eh?

[TRAHERNE, *still kneeling, makes an affirmative sign.*]

[*At this moment a noise is heard outside, and three soldiers burst open the door and rush in. One of them speaks to the RAJA, pointing to the window, the other two rush up to TRAHERNE, seize him and drag him over to the left. LUCILLA remains kneeling by CRESPIN's body. The RAJA goes calmly over to the window and looks out.*]

RAJA

[*Returning to centre.*] Tut tut — most inconvenient. And foolish on your part — for now, if my brothers should be reprieved, we cannot hear of it. [*Looks at the message reflectively.*] Otherwise, the situation remains unchanged. We adhere to our programme for tomorrow. The Major has only a few hours' start of you.

CURTAIN

ACT FOURTH

A gloomy hall, its roof supported by four wooden columns, two in a row, rudely carved with distorted animal and human figures. The walls are also of rudely-carved wood, and are pierced all round, at the height of about twelve feet, by a sort of clere-story — a series of oblong slits or unglazed windows through which the sky can be seen. The general tone of the wood is dark brown, but the interstices between the carvings have here and there been filled in with dull red. There is a high curtained doorway, left, leading to a sort of robing-room. Opposite to it, right, a two-leaved wooden door, closed with a heavy wooden bolt. An oblong hole in the door, with a sliding shutter, enables the guard within to inspect whoever approaches from without. At the back, centre, is a wide opening, curtained at the beginning of the Act. When the curtains are withdrawn, they reveal a sort of balcony or tribune, raised by two steps above the level of the hall, over the balustrade of which can be seen the head and shoulders of a colossal image of the Goddess, apparently at a distance of some fifty yards. Between the two foremost columns, on a dais of two steps, a wide throne, which has for its backing a figure of the Goddess carved in high relief, amid a good deal of barbaric tracery. The figure is green, but there are touches of gold in her crown, her ornaments, and in the tracery. A low

brazier rests on the ground in front of the throne. The hall is a sort of anteroom to the public place of sacrifice without.

Late afternoon light comes in through the clerestory on the left.

When the curtain rises, a group of Priests is gathered round the doorway, left, while the CHIEF PRIEST stands at the centre, holding the curtains a little way apart and looking out. A Priest is on guard at the door, right.

For a moment after the rise of the curtain, there is a regular and subdued murmur from the crowd without. Then it swells into a chorus of execrations. The CHIEF PRIEST gives an order to the other Priests, left, one of whom goes off through the doorway. The guard at the door, right, slips back the shutter and looks out, then unbolts the door, and admits TRAHERNE, strapped to a mountain chair, and guarded by two soldiers, who withdraw. At the same time, the RAJA, in splendid Eastern attire, enters, left.

RAJA

Well, Doctor, it doesn't appear that any "god from the machine" is going to interfere with our programme.

TRAHERNE

You are bringing a terrible vengeance upon yourself.

RAJA

Think, my dear Doctor. If, as the Major said, he did not get your S. O. S. through, I have nothing to fear. If he lied, and did get it through, nothing can ultimately save me, and I may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb.

TRAHERNE

[*Writhing in his bonds.*] You might have spared me this!

RAJA

A ritual detail, Doctor; not quite without reason. Persons lacking in self-control might throw themselves to the ground or otherwise disarrange the ceremony. [*He speaks a word, and the bearers promptly release TRAHERNE, and carry the chair out, right.*]

TRAHERNE

What have you done with Mrs. Crespin?

RAJA

Don't be alarmed. She'll be here in due time.

TRAHERNE

Listen to me, Raja. Do what you will with me, but let Mrs. Crespin go. Send her to India or to Russia, and I am sure, for her children's sake, she will swear to keep absolute silence as to her husband's fate and mine.

RAJA

You don't believe, then, that I couldn't save you if I would?

TRAHERNE

Believe it? No!

RAJA

You are quite right, my dear Doctor. I am not a High Priest for nothing. I might work the oracle. I might get a command from the Goddess to hurt no hair upon your heads.

TRAHERNE

Then what devilish pleasure do you find in putting us to death?

RAJA

Pleasure? The pleasure of a double vengeance. Vengeance for today — my brothers — and vengeance for centuries of subjection and insult. Do you know what brought you here? It was not blind chance, any more than it was the Goddess. It was my will, my craving for revenge, that drew you here by a subtle, irresistible magnetism. My will is my religion — my god. And by that god I have sworn that you shall not escape me.

[Yells from the crowd outside.]

Ah, they are bringing Mrs. Crespin.

[The PRIEST unbolts the door, right, and LUCILLA is carried in.]

RAJA

I apologize, Madam, for the manners of my people. Their fanaticism is beyond my control.

[He says a word to the bearers, who release LUCILLA. TRAHERNE gives her his hand, and she steps from the chair, which the bearers remove, right.]

TRAHERNE

How long have we left?

RAJA

Till the sun's rim touches the crest of the mountain. A blast of our great mountain horn will announce the appointed hour, and you will be led out to the sacred enclosure. You saw the colossal image of the Goddess out yonder?

[He points to the back. They look at each other in silence.]

TRAHERNE

Will you grant us one last request?

RAJA

By all means, if it is in my power. In spite of your inconsiderate action of yesterday —

TRAHERNE

Inconsiderate — ?

RAJA

Watkins, you know — poor Watkins — a great loss to me! But *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* I bear no malice for a fair act of war. I am anxious to show you every consideration.

TRAHERNE

Then you will leave us alone for the time that remains to us.

RAJA

Why, by all means. And oh, by the way, you need have no fear of the — ceremony — being protracted. It will be brief and — I trust — painless. The High Church Party are not incapable of cruelty; but I have resolutely set my face against it. [*LUCILLA has meanwhile stood stonily gazing straight in front of her. The RAJA reflects for a moment, and then goes up to her.*] Before I go, Madam, may I remind you of my offer of yesterday? It is not yet too late. [*LUCILLA takes no notice.*] Is it just to your children to refuse? [*She looks at him stonily, saying nothing. After a pause.*] Immovable? So be it! [*He turns to go. At this moment a great yell of triumphant hatred goes up from the populace.*]

RAJA

Your husband's body, Madam. They are laying it at the feet of the Goddess.

LUCILLA

You promised me —

RAJA

That it should be burnt. I will keep my promise. But you see I had three brothers — a head for a head.

[He goes into the inner chamber, encircled by his Priests. Only the GUARD at the door, right, remains, half hidden by the door jamb.]

[LUCILLA and TRAHERNE are left alone. LUCILLA sinks down upon the broad base of the foremost pillar, left.]

LUCILLA

So this is the end!

TRAHERNE

What offer did that devil make you?

LUCILLA

Oh, I didn't mean to tell you, but I may as well. He is an ingenious tormentor. He offered yesterday to let me live, and to kidnap the children and bring them here to me — you know on what terms.

TRAHERNE

To bring the children here?

LUCILLA

He said in a month I might have them in my arms. Think of it! Ronny and Iris in my arms! *[A pause. TRAHERNE stands with his back to her.]*

TRAHERNE

[In a low and unsteady voice.] Are you sure you did right to refuse?

LUCILLA

Do you mean — ?

TRAHERNE

[*Louder and almost harshly.*] Are you sure it is not wrong to refuse?

LUCILLA

Oh, how can you — ? Right? Wrong? What are right and wrong to me now? If I could see my children again, would any scruple of “right” or “wrong” make me shrink from anything that was possible? But this is so utterly, utterly impossible.

TRAHERNE

Forgive me. You know it would add an unspeakable horror to death if I had to leave you here. But I felt I must ask you whether you had fully considered —

LUCILLA

I have thought of nothing else through all these torturing hours.

TRAHERNE

How brave you are!

LUCILLA

Not brave, not brave. If I could live, I would — there, I confess it! But I should die of shame and misery, and leave my children — to that man. Or, if I did live, what sort of a mother should I be to them? They would be much better without me! Oh my precious, precious darlings!

[*She clasps her arms across her breast, and rocks herself in agony. A short silence.*]

TRAHERNE

[*Lays his hand on her shoulder.*] Lucilla!

LUCILLA

[*Looking up.*] Oh, Basil, say you think it won't be altogether bad for them! They will never know anything of their father now, but what was good. And their mother will simply have vanished into the skies. They will think she has flown away to heaven — and who knows but it may be true? There may be something beyond this hell.

TRAHERNE

We shall know soon, Lucilla.

LUCILLA

But to go away and leave them without a word — !
Poor little things, poor little things.

TRAHERNE

They will remember you as something very dear and beautiful. The very mystery will be like a halo about you.

LUCILLA

Shall I see them again, Basil? Tell me that.
[*A pause.*]

TRAHERNE

Who knows? Even to comfort you, I won't say I am certain. But I do sincerely think you may.

LUCILLA

[*Smiling woefully.*] You think there is a sporting chance?

TRAHERNE

More than that. This life is such a miracle — could any other be more incredible?

LUCILLA

But even if I should meet them in another world, they would not be my Ronny and Iris, but a strange man and a strange woman, built up of experiences in which I had had no share. Oh, it was cunning, cunning, what that devil said to me! He said "God Himself cannot give you back their childhood."

TRAHERNE

How do you know that God is going to take their childhood from you? You may be with them this very night — with them, unseen, but perhaps not unfelt, all the days of their life.

LUCILLA

You are saying that to make what poor Antony called a "haze" for me — to soften the horror of darkness that is waiting for us? Don't give me "dope," Basil — I can face things without it.

TRAHERNE

I mean every word of it. [*A pause.*] Why do you smile?

LUCILLA

At a thought that came to me — the thought of poor Antony as a filmy, purified spirit. It seems so unthinkable.

TRAHERNE

Why unthinkable? Why may he not still exist, though he has left behind him the nerves, the cravings, that tormented him — and you. You have often told me that there was something fine in the depths of his nature; and you know how he showed it yesterday.

LUCILLA

Oh, if I could only tell the children how he died!

TRAHERNE

But his true self was chained to a machine that was hopelessly out of gear. The chain is broken: the machine lies out there — scrapped. Do you think that he was just that machine, and nothing else?

LUCILLA

I don't know. I only feel that Antony spiritualized would not be Antony. And you, Basil — if Antony leaves his — failings, you must leave behind your work. Do you want another life in which there is no work to be done — no disease to be rooted out? [*With a mournful smile.*] Don't tell me you don't long to take your microscope with you wherever you may be going.

TRAHERNE

Perhaps there are microscopes awaiting me there.

LUCILLA

Spirit microscopes for spirit microbes? You don't believe that, Basil.

TRAHERNE

I neither believe nor disbelieve. In all we can say of another life we are like children blind from birth, trying to picture the form and colours of the rainbow.

LUCILLA

But if the forms and colours we know are of no use to us, what comfort are we to find in formless, colourless possibilities? If we are freed from all human selfishness, shall I love my children more than any other woman's? Can I love a child I cannot kiss, that cannot look into my eyes and kiss me back again?

TRAHERNE

[*Starting up.*] Oh, Lucilla, don't!

LUCILLA

What do you mean?

TRAHERNE

Don't remind me of all we are losing! I meant to leave it all unspoken — the thought of him lying out there seemed to tie my tongue. But we have only one moment on this side of eternity. Lucilla, shall I go on?

[*After a perceptible pause, LUCILLA bows her head.*]

Do you think it is with a light heart that I turn my back upon the life of earth and all it might have meant for you and me — for you and me, Lucilla!

LUCILLA

Yes, Basil, for you and me.

TRAHERNE

Rather than live without you, I am glad to die with you; but oh, what a wretched gladness compared with that of living with you and loving you! I wonder if you guess what it has meant to me, ever since we met at Dehra Dun, to see you as another man's wife, bound to him by ties I couldn't ask you to break. It has been hell, hell! [*Looking up with a mournful smile.*] My love has not been quite selfish, Lucilla, since I can say I really do love your children, though I know they have stood between me and heaven.

LUCILLA

Yes, Basil, I know. I have known from the beginning.

TRAHERNE

Oh, Lucilla, have we not been fools, fools? We have sacrificed to an idol as senseless as that — [*with a ges-*

ture towards the image] all the glory and beauty of life! What do I care for a bloodless, shadowy life — life in the abstract, with all the senses extinct? Is there not something in the depths of our heart that cries out “We don’t want it! Better eternal sleep!”?

LUCILLA

Oh, Basil — you are going back on your own wisdom.

TRAHERNE

Wisdom! What has wisdom to say to love, thwarted and unfulfilled? You were right when you said that it is a mockery to speak of love without hands to clasp, without lips to kiss. We may be going to some pale parody of life; but in our cowardice we have killed love for ever and ever.

LUCILLA

No, Basil, don’t call it cowardice. I, too, regret — perhaps as much as you — that things were — as they were. But not even your love could have made up to me for my children.

[A trumpet-blast is heard — a prolonged deep, wailing sound.]

There is the signal! Good-bye, dear love.

[She holds out her hands to him. They kiss and stand embraced, until, at a sound of tom-toms and a low muttered chant from behind the curtains, left, they part, and stand hand in hand, facing the doorway.]

[Suddenly, at a great shattering note from a gong, the curtains of the doorway part, and a procession of chanting Priests enters, all wearing fantastic robes and headdresses, and all, except the CHIEF PRIEST, masked. The RAJA follows them, also wearing a

priestly headdress, and gorgeously robed. Behind him come three dark-robed and masked figures, carrying heavy swords. Musicians bring up the rear. The Priests group themselves round the throne.]

RAJA

[To TRAHERNE and LUCILLA, who are standing in front of the throne.] May I trouble you to move a little aside? I am, for the moment, not a king, but a priest, and must observe a certain dignity. Ridiculous, isn't it?

[They move over to the right of the throne. He advances in stately fashion and seats himself on it.]

RAJA

[To LUCILLA.] Must I do violence to my feelings, Madam, by including you in the approaching ceremony? There is still time.

[LUCILLA is silent.]

We autocrats are badly brought up. We are not accustomed to having our desires, or even our whims, thwarted.

TRAHERNE

[Interrupting.] Will you never cease tormenting this lady?

RAJA

[Totally disregarding him.] Remember my power. If I may not take you back to my palace as my Queen, I can send you back as my slave.

[A pause.]

Have you nothing to say?

LUCILLA

Nothing.

RAJA

I repeat my offer as to your children.

LUCILLA

I would die a hundred times rather than see them in your hands.

RAJA

Remember, too, that, if I so will it, you cannot save them by dying. I can have them kidnapped — or — I can have them killed.

[LUCILLA shrieks. TRAHERNE, with a cry of "Devil" makes a leap at the RAJA's throat, pinning him against the back of the throne. The Priests instantly pull TRAHERNE off, pinion him, and drag him over to the left. They talk furiously to each other, and the CHIEF PRIEST prostrates himself before the RAJA, apparently in urgent supplication. The RAJA, who is now to the left of the throne, LUCILLA remaining on the right, quits them with some difficulty, and then turns to TRAHERNE.]

RAJA

Chivalrous but ill-advised, Dr. Traherne. I regret it, and so will you. My colleagues here insist that, as you have laid impious hands on the chief of their sacred caste, your death alone will not appease the fury of the Goddess. They insist on subjecting you to a process of expiation — a ritual of great antiquity — but —

TRAHERNE

You mean torture?

RAJA

Well — yes.

[LUCILLA rushes forward with a cry.]

Not you, Madam — not you —

LUCILLA

I must speak to you — speak to you alone! Send Dr. Traherne away.

TRAHERNE

LUCILLA! What are you thinking of! Lucilla — !

[The RAJA motions to the Priests, who do something to TRAHERNE which causes him to crumple up, and his voice dies away.]

LUCILLA

I beg you — I beg you! One minute — no more!

[The RAJA looks at her for a moment, then shrugs his shoulders and gives an order. TRAHERNE is dragged through the doorway, left.]

[LUCILLA, in her desperation, has rushed up the steps of the throne. She now sinks, exhausted, upon the end of the throne itself.]

LUCILLA

Let him go, send him back to India unharmed, and — it shall be as you wish.

RAJA

Soho! You will do for your lover — to save him a little additional pain — what you would not do to have your children restored to you! Suppose I agree — would he accept this sacrifice?

LUCILLA

No, no, he wouldn't — but he must have no choice. That is part of the bargain. Send him — bound hand and foot, if need be — down to Kashmir, and put him over the frontier —

RAJA

You don't care what he thinks of you?

LUCILLA

He will know what to think.

RAJA

And I too, Madam, know what to think. [*Kneeling with one knee on the throne, he seizes her by the shoulders and turns her face towards him.*] Come, look me in the eyes and tell me that you honestly intend to fulfil your bargain! [*Her head droops.*] I knew it! You are playing with me! But the confiding barbarian is not so simple as you imagine. No woman has ever tried to fool me that has not repented it. You think, when you have to pay up, you will fob me off with your dead body. Let me tell you, I have no use for you dead — I want you with all the blood in your veins, with all the pride in that damned sly brain of yours. I want to make my plaything of your beauty, my mockery of your pride. I want to strip off the delicate English lady, and come down to the elemental woman, the handmaid and the instrument of man.

[*Changing his tone.*]

Come now, I'll make you a plain offer. I will put Dr. Traherne over the frontier, and, as they set him free, my people shall hand him a letter written by you at my dictation. You will tell him that you have determined to accept my protection and make this your home. Consequently you wish to have your children conveyed to you here —

LUCILLA

Never — never — never! I will make no bargain that involves my children.

RAJA

You see! You will give me no hostages for the fulfilment of your bond. But a pledge of your good faith I must have. For without a pledge, Madam, I don't believe in it one little bit.

LUCILLA

What pledge?

RAJA

Only one is left — Dr. Traherne himself. I may — though it will strain my power to the uttermost — save his life, while keeping him in prison. Then, when you have fulfilled your bond — fulfilled it to the uttermost, mark you! — when you have borne me a child — I will let him go free. But the moment you attempt to evade your pledge, by death or by escape, I will hand him over to the priests to work their will with; and I will put no restraint upon their savage instincts.

[*Pause.*]

Choose, my dear lady, choose!

[*The subdued murmur of the crowd below, which has been faintly audible during the foregoing scene, ceases, and in the silence is heard a faint, but rapidly increasing, whirr and throb.*]

[*LUCILLA, who has been crouching on the steps of the throne, looks up slowly, hope dawning in her face. For a few seconds she says nothing, waiting to assure herself that she can believe her ears. Then she says in a low voice, with a sort of sob of relief:*]

LUCILLA

Aeroplanes! [*She springs up with a shriek.*] The aeroplanes! Basil! Basil! The aeroplanes! [*She rushes out through the doorway, left, thrusting aside the incoming Priests, who are too amazed to oppose her.*]

[*The RAJA does not at first alter his attitude but looks up and listens intently. The curtains shutting off the balcony at the back are violently torn apart by the guard outside, who shout to the RAJA*

and point upward. Sounds of consternation and terror proceed from the unseen crowd.]

[The RAJA goes to the back and looks out. At the same moment LUCILLA and TRAHERNE rush in from the doorway, left.]

LUCILLA

See! See! They are circling lower and lower! Is it true, Basil? Are we saved?

TRAHERNE

Yes, Lucilla, we are saved.

LUCILLA

Oh, thank God! thank God! I shall see my babies again!

[She sways, almost fainting. TRAHERNE supports her.]

RAJA

So the Major lied like a gentleman! Good old Major! I didn't think he had it in him.

[The Guards call his attention; he looks out from the balcony, and gives an order, then turns down again.]

One of the machines has landed. An officer is coming this way — he looks a mere boy.

TRAHERNE

The conquerors of the air have all been mere boys.

RAJA

I have given orders that he shall be brought here unharmed. Perhaps I had better receive him with some ceremony.

[He goes back to the throne and seats himself,

cross-legged. At his command the Priests range themselves about him.]

RAJA

You said just now, Dr. Traherne, that you were saved. Are you so certain of that?

TRAHERNE

Certain?

RAJA

How many men does each of these humming-birds carry?

TRAHERNE

Two or three, but —

RAJA

I counted six planes — say at the outside twenty men. Even my toy army can cope with that number.

[There is a growing clamour outside. The RAJA gives an order to the Priest at the door, right. He throws it wide open.]

[FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT CARDEW saunters in, escorted by three soldiers.]

RAJA

Who are you, sir?

CARDEW

One moment! *[Crosses to LUCILLA, who holds out both her hands. He takes them cordially but coolly.]* Mrs. Crespin! I'm very glad we're in time. *[Turns to TRAHERNE.]* Dr. Traherne, I presume? *[Shakes hands with him]* And Major Crespin?

TRAHERNE

Shot while transmitting our message.

CARDEW

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Crespin. [*To TRAHERNE.*] By whom? [*TRAHERNE indicates the RAJA, who has meanwhile watched the scene impassively.*]

RAJA

I am sorry to interrupt these effusions, but —

CARDEW

Who are you, sir?

RAJA

I am the Raja of Rukh. And you?

CARDEW

Flight-Lieutenant Cardew. I have the honour to represent his Majesty, the King-Emperor.

RAJA

The King-Emperor? Who is that, pray? We live so out of the world here, I don't seem to have heard of him.

CARDEW

You will in a minute, Raja, if you don't instantly hand over his subjects.

RAJA

His subjects? Ah, I see you mean the King of England. What terms does his Majesty propose?

CARDEW

We make no terms with cut-throats. [*Looks at his wrist watch.*] If I do not signal your submission within three minutes of our landing —

*[A bomb is heard to fall at some distance.
Great consternation among the Priests, etc.]*

RAJA

[Unperturbed.] Ah! bombs!

CARDEW

Precisely.

RAJA

I fancied your Government affected some scruple as to the slaughter of innocent civilians.

CARDEW

There has been no slaughter — as yet. That bomb fell in the ravine, where it could do no harm. So will the next one —

[Bomb — nearer. Increasing hubbub without.]

But the third — well if you're wise you'll throw up the sponge, and there won't be a third.

RAJA

Throw up the sponge, Lieutenant — ? I didn't quite catch your name?

CARDEW

Cardew.

RAJA

Ah, yes, Lieutenant Cardew. Why on earth should I throw up the sponge? Your comrades up yonder can no doubt massacre quite a number of my subjects — a brave exploit! — but when they've spent their thunderbolts, they'll just have to fly away again — if they can. A bomb may drop on this temple, you say? In that case, you and your friends will escort me — in fragments —

to my last abode. Does that prospect allure you? I call your bluff, Lieutenant Cardew.

[*A third bomb — very loud.*]

[*The Priests rush up to the RAJA, and fall before him in panic-stricken supplication, with voluble remonstrances, pointing to the Idol in the background. The RAJA hesitates for a moment, then proceeds:*]

RAJA

My priests, however, have a superstitious dread of these eggs of the Great Roc. They fear injury to the Sacred Image. For myself, I am always averse from bloodshed. You may, if you please, signal to your squadron commander my acceptance of your terms.

CARDEW

I thought you would come to reason. [*Shaking out his flag in preparation for signalling, he hurries across to where the white beam of a searchlight is visible outside the doorway, right. He disappears for a moment.*]

RAJA

This comes of falling behind the times. If I had had anti-aircraft guns —

TRAHERNE

Thank your stars you hadn't!

CARDEW

[*Returning.*] All clear for the moment, Raja. You have no further immediate consequences to fear.

RAJA

What am I to conclude from your emphasis on immediate?

CARDEW

[*After whispering to TRAHERNE.*] I need scarcely remind you, sir, that you can only hand over the b o d y of one of your prisoners.

RAJA

Major Crespin murdered a faithful servant of mine. His death at my hands was a fair act of war.

CARDEW

His Majesty's Government will scarcely view it in that light.

RAJA

His Majesty's Government has today, I believe, taken the lives of three kinsmen of mine. Your side has the best of the transaction by four lives to one.

CARDEW

[*Shrugging his shoulders.*] Will you assign us an escort through the crowd?

RAJA

Certainly. [*Gives an order to the officer of regulars, who hurries out, right.*] The escort will be here in a moment. [*To LUCILLA and TRAHERNE.*] It only remains for me to speed the parting guest. I hope we may one day renew our acquaintance — oh, not here! I plainly foresee that I shall have to join the other Kings in Exile. Perhaps we may meet at Homburg or Monte Carlo, and talk over old times. Ah, here is the escort.

[*The escort has formed at the door, right. TRAHERNE, LUCILLA and CARDEW cross to it, the RAJA following them up.*]

RAJA

Good-bye, dear lady. I lament the Major's end. Per-

haps I was hasty; but, you know, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," etc. And oh — Mrs. Crespin! [*As she is going out, LUCILLA looks back at him with horror.*] My love to the children!

[The Priests and others are all clustered on the balcony, looking at the aeroplanes. The RAJA turns back from the door, lights a cigarette at the brazier, takes a puff, and says:]

Well, well — she'd probably have been a damned nuisance.

CURTAIN

Southern Methodist Univ. fond, dew

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The green goddess;

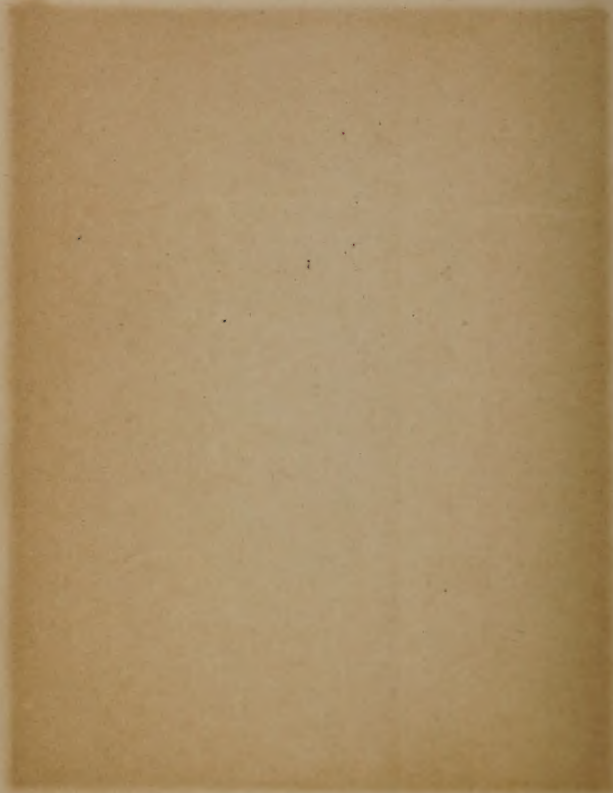


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